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The Old Gravois Coal Diggings

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By
MARY JOAN BOYER

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The Tri-City Independent
Fergus, Missouri

INTRODUCTION

If Janet Graham Stockwell had not given expression to her love and longing, in a few notes in one of her note books, for a part of St. Louis once known as The Old Gravois Coal Diggings, located between Arsenal street on the north, Gravois road on the south, Grand avenue on the east, 8848 highway on the west, and that part of St. Louis which would never have been written.

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Among those notes in an old note book of Mrs. Stockwell's, notes written in a mood of keen homesickness for the place where she had been born and reared and still thought of as home; and recalling the stories told by her of the happy years of her childhood, and the people she had known, the inspiration was the history of that former coal mining locality of St. Louis, Missouri.

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Very few of the people who lived in the Gravois Coal Diggings by either name or address are now living. Some of those people also recall the years when the place was called Beckville, Miners' Town, and Gravois Coal Mines, and they enjoy telling the stories, told to them by their parents or grandparents, of the years when coal was mined there, and when fire clay was discovered on the estates of the Russells and the Christys.

There was interest of a kind in the stories to make the former coal diggings as deserving of a place in the history of St. Louis as Kerry Patch, Persimmon Hill, Camdelet, or other communities which grew from remote settlements to merge, and eventually lose, in the life of a teeming metropolis, the identities which once characterized them and made them distinctive and beloved to those who were born and reared there.

Though, to the present generation, Russell, Parker, Christy, Bingham, and other names connected with the early history of the coal diggings, may now mean only signs which mark streets, churches, parks, and various other public places in St. Louis, it was people of those names who blazed trails now followed by others of this hurried, modern age.

It was those early settlers of the former coal diggings who braved Indian hostilities, loneliness, grave illnesses and many other trials which accompanied the settling of new land in St. Louis County as in other parts of Missouri. That part of the country was swamp land in some places, poorly drained, infested by mosquitoes, which encouraged malaria and other fevers to plague the people, for St. Louis was then known as the sickly city. There were no schools or churches in the locality where plantations were established and virgin soil had to be broken in order to plant and cultivate; but orchards, vineyards, flower and vegetable gardens,

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Studying those notes in an old note book of Mrs. Stockwell's, notes written in a mood of keen homesickness for the place where she had been born and reared and still thought of as home, and recalling the stories told by her of the happy years of her childhood, and the people she had known, the inspiration was born to write the history of that former coal mining locality of St. Louis, Missouri.

Very little has been written about that area known as the Diggings by elderly descendants of early settlers there. Some of those people also recall the years when the place was called Beckville, Miners' Town, and Gravois Coal Mines, and they enjoy telling the stories, told to them by their parents or grandparents, of the years when coal was mined there, and when fire clay was discovered on the estates of the Russells and the Christys.

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and hedges of Osage Orange were planted to create beauty long remembered by others who became early settlers of that area.

They were the planters, those early settlers, the plantation owners of St. Louis County before the Civil War, and there are only a few people left who remember that those plantations existed in what is now a part of the city of St. Louis. Even the memories of the years when coal and fire clay were mined on those plantations are fading with the hurried flight of Time—the records are scattered and much interesting information is being lost.

And so, inspired by a few notes in a note book of a homesick descendant of one of the early settlers of the place once known by a variety of names, but chiefly by the homely one of "The Diggings," this history of that place of many memories has been written.

MARY JOAN BOYER
Imperial, Missouri

Year of 1952

Also by Mary Joan Boyer

Wind Chimes

Heart's Healing

Ignes Fatui

CONTENTS

Introduction

ONE: The Old Gravois Coal Diggings—Its Eearly Name

TWO: How Some Early Settlers Acquired Land

THREE: A Russell Arrives in St. Louis

FOUR: James Russell Acquires a Plantation, Discovers Coal,
Marries a Second Time

FIVE: More Russell History

SIX: The Parker-Russells

SEVEN: The Christys

EIGHT: The Bingham

NINE: St. Louis Coal Mines and Their Owners

TEN: Coal Miners and Early Settlers

ELEVEN: The First School of the Coal Diggings

TWELVE: The First Church of the Coal Diggings

THIRTEEN: Fannie Wade Gutgesell, First Woman Principal
of Oak Hill School

FOURTEEN: The Horace Mann School

FIFTEEN: History of St. John's Evangelical Lutheran Church,
Morganford and Chippewa

SIXTEEN: The Alley

SEVENTEEN: Early Settlers and Descendants of Early Settlers
of the Diggings

EIGHTEEN: Conclusion, or Final Jottings

NINETEEN: Acknowledgments

ILLUSTRATIONS

Parker-Russell Mining and Manufacturing Company

The old James Russell Homestead—from a painting by Charles M. Russell

Drawing by Charles M. Russell

Photo of Charles M. Russell

Photo of letter by Charles M. Russell

Another photo of letter by Charles M. Russell

Drawing by Charles M. Russell

Drawing by Charles M. Russell

Photo of George Ward Parker, who helped write the City Charter of 1876

Old Parker mansion, 3405 Oak Hill Avenue, St. Louis

Works of Christy Fire Clay Company

Christy mansion, once located in Christy's Park along Morganford Road

Two of first houses built on Bingham land after it was subdivided

Front view of second Oak Hill School at Tholozan Avenue

Holy Innocents Episcopal Church, Morganford Road and Tholozan Avenue

View of altar at Holy Innocents Church

Fannie Wade Gutgesell, first woman principal of Oak Hill School

Front and rear views of Wade house

Dough board in kitchen of Wade house

Second St. John's Evangelical Lutheran Church, Morganford Road and Chippewa Street

Prof. A. Craemer, organizer and first pastor of St. John's

Pastor and Mrs. Bartels

Mr. and Mrs. Christian Paul

Two houses in the Alley—built by coal miners

The Joe Rain house facing the Alley

The Rhynert-Wolter house facing the Alley

The Thompson house at Morganford Road and Chippewa Street

The old Beck Building at Morganford Road and Beck Avenue.

The Oak Hill railroad depot on Oak Hill

The Old Gravois Coal Diggings

Chapter 1

THE OLD GRAVOIS COAL DIGGINGS

ITS EARLY NAME

When Pierre Laclede Liguist selected the site for St. Louis in 1763, nearly two hundred years ago, Indians inhabited that portion of the land where in later years coal and clay mines brought modest fortunes to owners of plantations established there when St. Louis began to grow and assume the proportions of a city.

St. Louis was merely a new trading post for a while, with its first building located on the block of ground now bounded by First and Second and Walnut and Market streets. Some of the settlers established themselves along the river above and below this place. A narrow belt of timber then extended along the river, as far back as what is now Fifth street or Broadway. Beyond, stretching far westward, was an open prairie, long known as La Grande Prairie. Various sections of this prairie received different names. Thus the open land near the town was called St. Louis Prairie. The section southwest was called Prairie des Noyers. (It was this Prairie des Noyers part of La Grande Prairie where coal and fire clay were discovered, and a settlement was formed which was to be known by various names, among them being the Gravois Coal Diggings.)

The space between St. Louis Prairie and Prairie des Noyers was called Cul de Sac. The open land south of the town was called Little Prairie. White Ox Prairie was several miles north. The creek running through Cul de Sac, along wooded and grassy banks, was known as La Petite Riviere. In order to secure water-power for a mill, this creek, which afterward became known as Mill Creek, was dammed up, and the pond thus formed was long known as Chouteau's Mill Pond. The great St. Louis railroad yards now mark this vicinity.

This is typical of the way early French settlers of St. Louis named various portions of the surrounding land. Prairie des Noyers was named for the very numerous family of the Marcheteaus, also known as Denoyers or des Noyers. The three elder Marcheteau brothers, Louis, Sr., Joseph, and Francis, came from the east side to settle in St. Louis, and were originally from Canada. As years passed, and the family acquired more members through marriage, other names, to be long-familiar in St. Louis, were added to the Marcheteau or des Noyers family tree—Routier, Robert, John Bap. Becquet, Bissonnet, Laduc, Durand, Yosti and others.

Nearly two centuries have passed since that southwest part of La Grande Prairie was named, yet elderly descendants of some of the early settlers there still refer to vacant lots and uncultivated portions of the

land as the Prairie. Open fields, eroded, over-run with ragweed, iron weed, boneset, sylphium, wild sunflowers, and other wildings, were called prairieland for many years. Inquisitive children seldom received satisfactory answers to questions as to why those fields between Grand avenue, Kingshighway, Arsenal street, and Gravois road were called The Prairie. Their elders did not seem to know. However, they *could* tell the children that Oak Hill was so named because of the fine groves of oak trees there, that Beckville was named after a man of that name, and that part of that area was named Gravois Coal Mines, or the Old Gravois Coal Diggings because of the coal mines in operation during the early years of the settlement. The two latter names were shortened during the course of the years to The Diggins, a homely name used by the miners, but not pleasing to some who disliked the dropping of the final "g" in the word. The Diggins was like a term of affection to those who remembered the years when coal and fire clay were mined in that part of St. Louis, recalling happy memories of childhood where life in the small community was carried on in a pleasant way.

It was the German settlers who called the place Miners' Town, but the name, "The Diggin's," was most commonly used because it was given to the mining locality by the earliest miners, the English, Scotch, Irish and Welsh who were the first to create a settlement in that southwestern part of La Grande Prairie.

Chapter 2

HOW SOME EARLY SETTLERS ACQUIRED LAND

There is a possibility that some descendants of early settlers of the former coal diggings may have in their possession yellowed-by-time papers called Spanish Land Grants. It is a term not generally familiar to people of the present generation, but one quite common during the late 1700's when homeseekers were settling in and around St. Louis and others parts of Missouri.

The territory belonged to Spain and was under control of a Spanish Governor who made liberal offers of land to persons who desired to settle permanently in the county. While O'Riley was governor and captain-general of the whole county from 1769 to 1790, homesteads were allowed to be taken only along the Mississippi, and the settlers could take up from four to six arpents front by forty back. This would give from 136 to 204 acres of land. Yet this rule was not uniform, either as to quantity or location, but the taking up of more than these quantities or locating lands off the river were exceptions to the rule, and was granted as a special favor to parties for some notable service rendered the Government. This rule appears to have continued in force until 1797, after which time each head of a family was allowed to take up to 200 arpents of land for himself, fifty for each child, and twenty for each negro he brought with him, not to exceed in all 800 arpents. This was the origin of the many tracts of land in the county known as Spanish Grants.

Though it was not always the original owners of Spanish Land Grants who remained on the land they acquired, people who came into possession of parts of those land grants in later years remained to become known as early settlers and to build up industries which were to endure for more than a century.

Chapter 3

A RUSSELL ARRIVES IN ST. LOUIS

It has been more than a century since William and Joseph Russell, two members of a family of ten brothers and two sisters, made their way on horseback from Hawkins County in East Tennessee to Illinois and Missouri to become property owners in both states. Chatting as they rode, the Russell brothers probably discussed the settling of the family estate in East Tennessee in August of 1817, or perhaps they speculated on their possible chances to make good in Missouri or Illinois, where land was cheap and opportunities were fair for ambitious young men.

When the brothers reached Illinois, they camped one night on the prairie grass where, in later years, William Russell gave to a newly-laid-out town the name of Fidelity. It was lonely territory where they made their camp that night in Illinois, so they hobbled their horses before going to sleep beneath the stars, to keep the animals from straying too far from camp.

But on waking the next morning the brothers found that, in spite of their precautions, Joseph's horse had strayed from camp and injured one of his feet so badly that Joseph could not ride him. The brothers were in a quandary. They could not take the injured horse any farther, and he was too valuable to leave behind. They did not want to ride double on William's horse or take turns at riding—that method of travel would have been too slow. Their plans for their immediate future began to seem uncertain, and Joseph was anxious to continue the journey to select farmland in Missouri before returning to East Tennessee. Finally, William spoke up and said:

"Joseph, you take my horse to finish the trip and get back to East Tennessee, and I'll stay here and keep your horse with me until his foot gets well."

It was William's generous offer that prompted Joseph to exclaim: "Well, that's what I call real fidelity!" Joseph had not the slightest idea that his impulsive remark would one day play an important part in the naming of an Illinois town when he accepted his brother's horse to continue his journey toward the village of St. Louis on the west side of the Mississippi River.

Joseph Russell, the first of the Russell clan to arrive in St. Louis, where the Russells were to help make history, became an actor in an exciting drama in which William's horse played the leading part, even before he crossed the river. The drama began when Joseph hired a ferryman to take him across the river and told the man that the horse could cross by swimming the river. The ferryman could not be convinced that the horse could swim the river, which was about a mile wide at that point. But they finally started out across the river with the horse swim-

ming beside the ferry and Joseph keeping a hand under the horse's head to keep it above water.

The dramatic scene was watched with great interest and excitement by villagers of St. Louis on the opposite side of the river. The villagers had gathered along the shore and some of them were making bets as to whether or not the horse would survive the mile-long swim. As soon as the Missouri shore was reached and the horse clambered safely from the water, a horse trader immediately begged Joseph to let him have the horse, swap the animal for three arpents of land located about the present Fourth and Chestnut streets. Joseph, of course, rejected the offer. He would not have swapped his brother's horse even if he had not needed the animal to ride on to Bird's Point near Cape Girardeau, Missouri, where he bought a farm. (That farm is now owned by Annie Russell Magill of 3935 Juniata street in St. Louis. Her father was James Russell, son of the James Russell who discovered coal on his plantation in St. Louis—James Russell, Sr., brother of William and Joseph.)

William and Joseph were separated for a while after William loaned his horse to Joseph so that Joseph could continue his journey, buy a farm in Missouri, and return to East Tennessee. William Russell was a bachelor whose occupation was surveying. William did not believe that the village of St. Louis had much of a future, so he invested in land in Alton, Illinois, and centered his interests for a time in land at the location where he and Joseph had camped on the prairie grass the night Joseph's horse injured his foot.

It was July 31, 1849 that William wrote to Joseph and described a survey he had made, and discussed the name of a newly-laid-out town. William stated in his letter that, unless Joseph decided otherwise, he would name the new town in Illinois, Fidelity, because of Joseph's remark about William's fidelity in loaning his horse.

William was the first of the Russell brothers to own, about 1805, the 432-acre tract of land in St. Louis which was to become known as the James Russell Estate. William purchased that tract of land from a family named Rector, possibly the family of which Colonel Elias Rector, who was the fourth Postmaster of St. Louis, was a member. Colonel Rector was the owner of the Big Mound at Mound street and Broadway, a mound which was converted into a park. A few years after William Russell purchased the 432-acre tract of land from the Rectors, he sold it to his brother James.

In another letter, written at Crystal Springs in 1849, William Russell informed his brother Joseph of the following:

"Since you were here a large portion of the best part of St. Louis has burned to ashes. Mr. Allen's two large brick storehouses, bringing a rent of \$2,000 a year, were included in the fire destruction. More than twenty large steamboats and their cargoes were destroyed in the same fire. Last Saturday night, July 31st, five other large steamboats were destroyed. These fires occurred a month apart.

"James, his wife and two daughters, are recovering from cholera.

Seven of the negroes on the plantation died of cholera, the rest of them are recovering. All on James' plantation had the cholera.

"At Crystal Springs there is only myself and ten or twelve slaves—as yet no case of cholera or any other sickness here, though sickness and death have been most awful all around us, on every side. The cholera is abating but still exists both in St. Louis and county—it spread nearly everywhere.

"The newspapers have not told near the whole of it. In this city not less than three or four thousand have died in the last three months, and at least twenty or thirty thousand have fled to other parts. The streets are thinned of the moving crowds to be seen when you were here.

"The season of billious and bowel complaints is approaching and, following the cholera, may well be dreaded.

"Too feeble and tired to write more now.

"Remaining your respectful brother,

"WILLIAM RUSSELL."

William Russell was well along in years when he wrote this letter to his brother Joseph.

The Russell brothers were natives of Virginia, but moved to East Tennessee before venturing to Illinois and Missouri.

Chapter 4

JAMES RUSSELL ACQUIRES A PLANTATION, DISCOVERS COAL, MARRIES A SECOND TIME

The father of the three Russell brothers who helped to make history in Illinois and Missouri was Joseph Russell, who came from Rockbridge County in Virginia. It was in that county that James Russell was born. When James was still a small boy, the family moved to Tennessee. When still quite a young man, James left home to go adventuring and, at one time, taught school. At another time he lived in Cape Girardeau, Missouri, where he edited a paper. He seemed to be inspired by the spirit of progress, for his interests were many and varied. His first wife was a Miss O'Bannon of Cape County in Missouri. It was their son James who was the father of Annie Russell Magill of St. Louis.

After the death of his first wife, James Russell moved to St. Louis where his brother William had finally settled. William then owned the 432-acre tract of land in the Oak Hill locality of St. Louis.

As William became owner of that land about the year 1805, it is believed that he sold it to his brother James about 1811, though several different dates have been given. As years passed the Russell plantation became beautiful with orchards, vineyards, fine hayfields, meadows where cattle grazed, and vegetable and flower gardens, and flowering shrubs surrounding the old homestead. A lane hedged with Osage Orange wound through the orchards, the vineyards and the meadows, to the homestead which was located about the present Wyoming and Oak Hill avenues. The comfortable old homestead and the slaves' quarters were surrounded by walnut trees, as walnut as well as oak trees were plentiful on Oak Hill in those days. The atmosphere created by the Russells on Oak Hill was reminiscent of that of the southern plantations of Virginia and Tennessee, and there was something beautiful about the place that was long-remembered by people who came to settle nearby.

But James Russell was one of the restless, venturesome Russells who seemed to be born with the urge to pioneer, to seek fortune in new places, to be tempted by far horizons, a desire for change which meant greater progress. Whatever the reason for his unrest, James at one time decided to sell his beautiful plantation in the Oak Hill locality of St. Louis. He had practically closed the sale of the land when, one Sunday morning after a severe storm, he took a stroll around the place to ponder over the matter of signing the papers which would mean that someone else would be owner of the old homestead and the acres he had helped to make beautiful.

Strolling along, deep in meditation, James Russell noticed idly that the storm had washed rather deep gullies in some places near what is now Tholozan avenue just east of Morganford road, and that a dark seam was showing in the side of one of the gullies. As there was no one

present to record any remarks James Russell might have made if someone had been with him when he examined that dark seam in the gully and found that it was coal, imagination must supply the details of that discovery of riches in the form of coal on the James Russell plantation. James Russell must have experienced a swift revulsion of feeling when he remembered that he had been about to sell land which promised to yield wealth right at home. If James could believe the evidence before his eyes, in that dark seam in the gully there would be no need to venture farther for the means to progress.

Shortly after the day when James Russell told the would-be purchaser of his acres that he had decided not to sell, he opened up the first coal mine in the Old Gravois Coal Digging locality, with a drift where he had seen that first out-crop of coal. That was about the year 1820. The coal was hauled down town by ox team, and coal from the Russell mines supplied the city of St. Louis for a long time, for coal was mined there until 1887, when the last pillars were removed.

When James Russell was about forty years old he married Lucy Bent, sister of Silas Bent, a prominent citizen of his day, one whose exploits are fully recorded in the early history of St. Louis. Lucy Bent was twenty years younger than James Russell, but according to records of past years, was as progressive-minded as her husband. One hundred acres of the Russell Estate was known as the L. B. Russell Estate Company Property. Her civic pride must have been a dominant force in the life of Lucy Bent Russell, for her wish for the development of her community was made apparent even after her death. Her will, dated February 20, 1871, included the clause that she devised to her son, John G. Russell, one half an acre of land being in the South East corner of Block G according to a plat, on which a church had already been erected, to have and to hold the same unto said John G. Russell in trust for the use and benefit of the Presbyterian Church, or for the use and benefit of any other church, or religious society, that John G. Russell thought proper. She also deeded other lots to other churches, one being the Holy Innocents Episcopal Church at Morganford road and Tholozan avenue.

Lucy and Bent avenues are two of the thoroughfares in the Oak Hill and former coal diggings localities named for Lucy Bent Russell. She was born in 1805 and died in 1871. James Russell died in 1850. Among their children were Charles S. Russell, whose son, Charles M. Russell, the Cowboy Artist of Oak Hill, won international fame as a painter of western scenes, and Russella Lucy Russell, whose husband, George Ward Parker, was one of the men who helped to write the City Charter of 1876.

The James Russell coal mine was for many years one of the largest of the St. Louis coal mines. The coal was mined from a depth of eighty feet, and for years 1,500,000 bushels (6,667 tons) were mined there annually, the coal bringing 5 to 12 cents per bushel or \$1.13 to \$2.70 per ton, depending on market conditions.

Around 1855 at Russell's Mines, fifty men were employed during the summer months. Coal mining was in progress for about forty-six years when fire clay began to be mined on the Russell property. Operations

for fire clay began there in the early 1860's and was mined at a depth of 117 feet.

In the years when fire clay, as well as coal, was mined on the Russell place, the firm was known as the Oak Hill Fire-Brick and Tile Works, established in 1865, with city office at the corner of Seventh and Pine streets in St. Louis. Oak Hill was described as being just south of Tower Grove Park. Oak Hill was then known as a suburb of St. Louis.

The Oak Hill clay differed in color, specific gravity, hardness and composition from general fire clay measures of Missouri, resembling more the Stourbridge (English) clay, and to meet a rapidly increasing demand on account of its superior fire-proof qualities, the firm added to its capacity until they had the largest works in the United States, devoted exclusively to the preparation of fire-proof material.

In addition to all ordinary shapes of fire-brick, the firm had on hand or made to order tiles and brick for rolling mills, blast furnaces, gas works, zinc furnaces, coke ovens, glass-house furnaces and so forth. They also furnished Miller fire clay and washed fire clay for mortar, coarse and fine-ground fire clay for glass-houses, crude and washed clay and burnt washed clay for pots. They pressed all their brick, made none of the so-called common brick unless specially ordered.

In 1867 letterheads of the firm gave the information that the office of the Parker-Russell Company, Commission Merchants, was at Number 215 North Second street. On one part of the letterheads was a picture of the brick yard with a notation to one side:

*Proprietors of the
Oak Hill Fire Clay Works
Oak Hill Fruit Farm and Vineyards
And Russell Coal Mines*

Those were busy, progressive years on the plantation which, in a mood of unrest, James Russell nearly sold, with coal mining still in progress when fire clay was discovered and that industry began to flourish, and the farmland still yielding generous harvests of fruit and other farm products.

Though James Russell did not live long enough to enjoy all of the benefits of those productive years of his plantation, the progress made there must surely have been enough to content the most exacting one of the members of the venturesome Russell clan.

Chapter 5

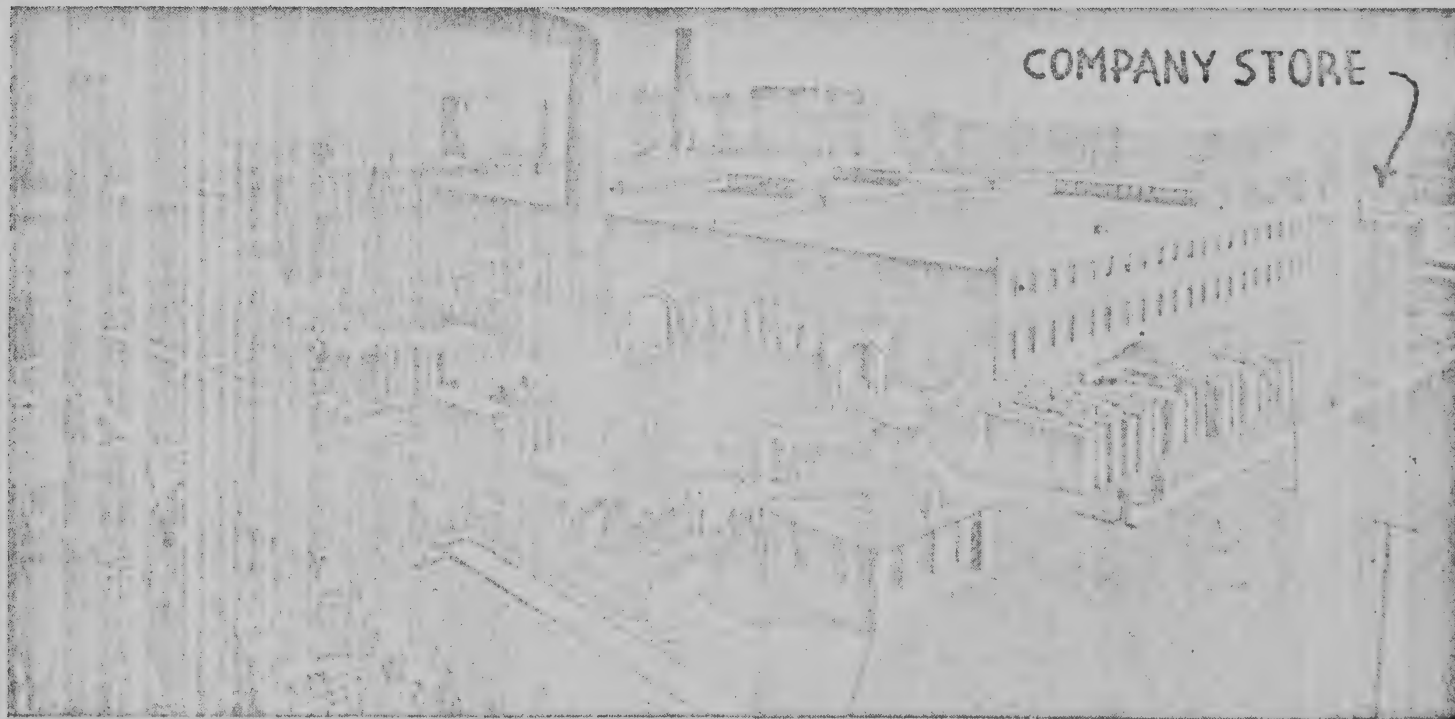
MORE RUSSELL HISTORY

The Russell clan of Oak Hill in St. Louis, Missouri, of Illinois, and, before those places, of Virginia and Tennessee, was, and still is, a large one. The clan has an interesting history, one which would fill volumes if the versions of each member could be told. Limiting those versions to just three members of the clan—George Ward Parker, grandson of James Russell, and Joseph Russell Fulkerson and his younger brother, Frank E. Fulkerson, grandsons of Joseph Russell, the story of the Russells of Oak Hill in the Old Gravois Coal Diggings locality unfolds.

George Ward Parker is the son of Russella Lucy Russell and George Ward Parker. The present George Ward Parker resides in the old Parker mansion on Oak Hill. The old mansion stands on land which was once part of the James Russell plantation, and Mr. Parker and his wife have treasured through the years some of the furnishings which made the homestead unique in the past. Among Mr. Parker's treasured possessions is a picture in water color of the James Russell homestead, painted by no less a person than Mr. Parker's illustrious cousin, Charlie M. Russell, the cowboy artist of the family. The picture shows the huge walnut trees shading the rambling Russell homestead, and the slaves' quarters which were of walnut logs. The homestead was built during a period when walnut was a common tree, and the joists and rafters were all of walnut. The mantle-piece in the dining room of the old Parker mansion at 3405 Oak Hill avenue was made from one of the walnut roof rafters of the James Russell homestead. Though the present George Ward Parker was residing in New York when the Russell homestead was torn down—about 1905 to 1910—a friend secured the timber for him from the old place.

Charles M. Russell, Mr. Parker's famous artist cousin, lived in the James Russell homestead on Oak Hill as a boy before venturing West. He rode his pony wild-west fashion through the coal diggings, his little dog trailing behind him. Charles astonished the people of the diggings with the wild abandon of his riding and his war whoops in imitation of Indians. He even galloped his pony over the beautiful lawns at Henry Shaw's Garden. He carved likenesses of people in the neighborhood, especially one of Chris Haley, making that image out of a potato, using pieces of coal from a nearby pit bank for eyes, which he crossed in imitation of Chris when that firey-tempered little man was in a temper. Chris recognized himself in the potato carving and flew into one of his characteristic rages. Charles irked the women of his family by using the household soap to carve images, and spent his time drawing animals when he should have been studying his lessons.

Attending school at Oak Hill on Tholozan avenue meant nothing

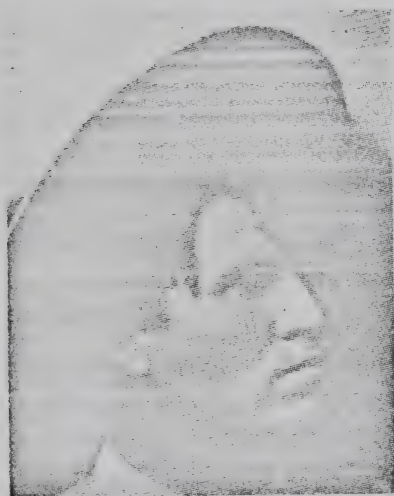


PARKER-RUSSELL MINING AND MANUFACTURING COMPANY, corner Parker Avenue and Morganford Road.

Manufacturers of Clay Gas Retorts, Fire Brick, Fire-proofing for buildings. Established 1861. Plant covers twelve acres. The Company owns sixty acres of clay la and produces over half of all Retorts used in United States and Canada, employing 325 men.

more to Charles than marking time until he could escape to the land of his dreams, the Western Plains.

Instead of attending to his studies at Oak Hill School, where he was a trial to his teachers because of his refusal to learn, Charles haunted the riverfront where he could watch the steamboats and see bearded mountain men who had come downriver to Missouri, or an occasional Indian, and he prowled among the horse and mule stables of St. Louis to make sketches of the animals and the drivers of mule trains, longing with all his adventurous, boyish heart to go with one of those caravans headed westward to the land of his heart's desire.



CHARLES M. RUSSELL

Cowboy artist in the 1890's, his love of the West has brought his name fame through talented hands.

By the time young Charles Russell had nearly reached his 16th birthday, March 19th, his parents realized that there was little use in trying to educate their son along the same lines followed in educating the Parker or the Christy boys, sons of their neighbors also in the coal, clay and fruit farming business. Charles' father,

Charles S. Russell, secretary at that time of the Parker-Russell Fire-Brick Company, talked to a friend, Pike Miller, who owned a ranch in Montana, about taking Charles back to Montana with him. And so it was that just four days before Charles' sixteenth birthday, his parents gave him that trip to Montana as a birthday present, March 15th, 1880.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell hoped that when Charles actually saw how truly wild the west was that he would be discouraged by the hardships and discomforts and would be happy to return home and forget his ideas about being a cowboy; but it was a vain hope. Charles was just another of the venturesome Russell clan, tempted by dreams of far horizons. He dreamed of plains, mountains, bold men, painted Indians, buffalo herds, and of sleeping beside a campfire beneath the stars. Reaching his destination, Helena, Montana, by overland stage, Charles saw some of his dreams come true. He saw Helena, the biggest town in Montana Territory in those days. It was typically western, with Bullwackers and Muleskinners hauling stuff to the mines, with reservation Indians, and wooden shacks for dwellings. But Charles was headed up the Judith River way to work for Pike Miller, two hundred miles beyond Helena, into wild country, and was told that he wouldn't have much use for his fancy chaps and sombrero, because Pike Miller raised sheep.

That was Charles' first disappointment, having to take care of sheep when he wanted to be a herder of horses, but he was not discouraged enough to head back to St. Louis as Pike Miller advised him to do.



The old Russell homestead, Oak Hill, in St. Louis, Missouri, from an original water color by Charles M. Russell, the "Cowboy Artist." Contributed by C. M. Russell's cousin, George Ward Parker of Oak Hill.

Things were not too rugged for Charles, he just did not like sheep, he wanted to be with horses. He had heard that there was a job for a horse herder up at the stage station, and that's where he wanted to go.

Charles drifted awhile after quitting Pike Miller. Word had gone around that Charles could not be depended upon because he quit at Pike's place. The Lazy Y didn't want any green hands, and Charles was advised to go back where he came from. Charles' money ran out, he didn't have a cent left, he had no grub, and he couldn't eat grass with his horse Monte. He guessed he'd have to go home, back where there were buildings, and only postage-stamp-sized prairies.

It was when Charles' spirit had reached that low ebb that Jake Hoover rode into his camp with three pack horses and a saddle horse. It was a good camping spot with good water. Charles helped to lend a hand at unpacking the stranger's horses, and the man began to prepare his meal. The smell of the coffee was too much for Charles' empty stomach, so he started to move on, but Jake began to question him and invited him to share his grub with him. Jake was hunting and trapping up the South Fork of the Judith, and he told Charles he might as well throw in with him until he found something better.

Jake's cabin was put together with wooden pins and had a sod roof and a dirt floor, but it looked like a palace to the discouraged young member of the Russell clan of St. Louis. Instead of resting after chores were done, Charles busied himself with drawing material, paint box and brushes, and Jake wanted to know what he was doing when he should have been hitting his bunk. Charles told Jake that he was just fooling around trying to make a picture of the elk they had seen that day.

Jake was impressed with Charles' drawing and told him it was pretty good and that it looked as though the elk had just got wind of them the way they appeared to be listening, and Charles tried to tell Jake how things looked to him—the Bighorns they saw on the mountain trail, the Crow Indians that passed them, the way the sun made the grass look yellow. Jake tried to understand and he made a remark about Charles getting all that down in paint. Charles was embarrassed because he thought Jake might be making fun of him, but Jake wasn't, he only answered in a meditating sort of way that he and Charles saw the same things, only he saw them for a minute and they were gone, but Charles could keep them on paper, and it looked to Jake like good medicine, plumb good medicine.

In the vastness of the Montana wilderness the boy from Oak Hill in St. Louis found the life he had dreamed of, for the old hunter made history in the embers of a winter's fire, and spun pictures from the past of the vanishing frontier. He showed Charles Russell the animals, the deer, the grizzly, the gaunt wolf, and the boy painted them as he saw them, or shaped them in miniature from clay, and the months were full and happy ones for Charles in Montana, but back in St. Louis, at the town house of his parents, there was anxiety, for the boy's letters were few and far between.

After an absence of two years, Charles returned home for a visit to have his family and friends welcome him with rejoicing, and with parties in his honor. He was a westerner by that time, drawl and all, but his parents hoped that he was back home to stay. Charles was called upon to make a speech at one of the parties and he thanked them in that drawling voice and told them that they'd have to pardon the way he talked, that there wasn't much call for speech making out there in the West—only to cows and horses, and that wouldn't be repeatable. He thanked people who entertained him, and said he wished he could stay with them, but he could only stay a few weeks and then he'd have to go back. He had a partner out there who would be looking for him. But it wasn't just the partner, it was the country. He told his friends that he wished they could see it—it was big and rough, and quiet, too—something like a sweetheart you can't forget. He declared then that he'd never be able to call any other place home again as long as he lived.

When his mother talked to him that night before he went to sleep he tried to tell her, to make her understand why he had to return to the land he had learned to love. Even lying there in the dark in his room in St. Louis, with his eyes wide open, he could see pictures of bronses twisting against a blue sky, of buffalo crossing a river—more pictures than he



*It's hoping the worst end of your trail
is behind you
That Dad Time be your friend from
here to the end
And sickness nor sorrow don't
find you*

*Sketch and rhyme by Charles M. Russell, the "Cowboy Artist" of Oak Hill.
From a card sent by him to his cousin, Frank E. Fulkerson, Jerseyville, Ill.*

could paint if he lived to be a hundred. But he was going back to try—he just couldn't help himself.

Charles went back west—the cowboy from Oak Hill, to ride the nightherd and help with the roundup. He was part of the great cattle drives, he lived among the Indians and always he was painting. Sometimes a water color that would today be priceless was traded for a pair of pants, or a grubstake, sometimes a Russell original graced the back of a cowtown bar. As he watched the Old West vanish, Charles sketched and sculptured and painted, and the titles of his pictures are a saga in themselves—"Carson's Men," "Last of the Herd," "Rider of the Rough String," "The Outlaw," "Trappers Last Stand." His fame spread, and art critics and collectors came to recognize his genius, until a single Russell canvas would sell for ten thousand dollars. In 1904 the Cowboy Artist was represented at the St. Louis World's Fair, in the Fine Arts Building. One day two gentlemen were viewing the Russell paintings.

One of the gentlemen declared that the painting was an impressive thing—the Indian and the horse faithfully portrayed. The other gentleman agreed that they were, and the first gentleman said that the painting was well-titled, too—"Pirates of the Plains"—and that he could almost hear the thud of hoofbeats as he looked at it.

"He'd like that," the second gentleman declared.

"Oh? Do you know the artist? Undoubtedly a westerner himself, isn't he? He must have actually lived with the Indians."

"Yes, but do you know, I think he first saw them out in a little patch of woods near Oak Hill, or in the trails off the Gravois road. Yes sir, nobody else could see them, but Charles could!"

Many fine tributes have been paid Charles Russell by his friends, one of the finest being the preface written by Will Rogers in Charles' last book, "Good Medicine," not published until after his death in 1926 at the age of 61 years. Will Rogers and Charles Russell were friends in the true sense of the word, and very much alike, even bearing something of a resemblance to each other, a fact plainly evident in some of their photographs.

Joseph and Frank Fulkerson of Jerseyville, Illinois are two of Charles Russell's cousins who cherish memories of him. The Fulkerson brothers are the last of their generation. Their mother was Cornelia Tilden Russell, daughter of Joseph Russell; their father was William Houston Fulkerson, rider of the famous Pony Express and later Colonel of the 63rd Tennessee Regiment in the Civil War. He was born at Tazewell, Tennessee, September 9, 1843, and was the eldest child of Dr. James Fulkerson from Virginia and Frances Patterson from Philadelphia.

Joseph Fulkerson, in his eighties now, likes to recall the times when his cousin Charles Russell, and Charles' father, used to visit at the Fulkerson home near Jerseyville. They would drive all the way from St. Louis behind a pretty chestnut mare with a bald face to spend several days with the Fulkersons.

Because Charles and his father were both named Charles, young Charles was called Chaz to avoid confusion. Joseph was six or eight years younger than Chaz, but Joseph remembered his first impression of him, one which never changed because he didn't think Chaz looked like a city kid. He seemed very much interested in the farm, especially the live stock.

In age, Joseph's brother Jim was between Chaz and Ed, Guy was Joseph's age, and Wolfert was Frank's. Chaz was the third of six children born to Charles S. and Mary Mead Russell. The children were Bent, Sue, Chaz (the artist), Edward, Guy, and Wolfert. The younger boys didn't get started visiting until Chaz had gone west.

Chaz's hobby was exact portrayal with little thought of dress and personal appearance or artistic equipment. Joseph used to sit and watch Chaz bring forth a wonderful drawing with just a common piece of paper and an old cheap lead pencil Joseph just itched to get hold of and sharpen for him. One time his parents, seeing he had talent, sent him to art school. He stayed half a day and came home, saying to his mother:

"I'm not going back there. They spent the whole morning trying to show me how to hold a pencil when I already know how to draw."

Chaz's letters, like his visits after he went west, were few and far between. In his early work he never drew his own face in any of his drawings. Once when he had been gone a long time with no word from him, his folks were beginning to get restless, when one morning the post-

man brought a letter addressed to his mother. It contained no writing, but a sketch entitled "The Cowboy's Dream." It showed a man lying on a bunk with one knee bent and the foot in a cowboy boot resting on the floor. A cowboy's hat covered his face. In a cloud effect above was a cowboy facing a city residence. In the open doorway with hands uplifted in surprise was a true likeness of his mother in that white apron she always wore around home, and over the door 3542 (that was their home at that time on Washington avenue). In about a week Chaz blew in unannounced.

In 1883 Chaz arrived home on one of his rare visits. After a few days he longed for room and fresh air so he went up to the Fulkerson farm near Jerseyville, Illinois to spend a few days and stayed over a week. The Fulkersons never had a visitor before or afterward that they enjoyed so much. His wit and humor, his stories of the then really wild west, and watching him sketch and make images from bees wax.

His, and Joseph's and Frank's cousin, John Powel, who lived on a farm two miles away, came over and Joseph's and Frank's brother Jim had a wonderful time together. Jim Fulkerson was eighteen years old and a senior in high school, with only three months till graduation. Jim Fulkerson became so attached to Chaz that he didn't want to see him leave. This and a boyish desire to see and become a part of the great partially explored west with its Indians and buffalo was too much for Jim. But maybe it was in the blood, not only on the Russell side of the family, but the Fulkerson side as well, for it was back in the fifties that Colonel William Fulkerson, father of the Fulkerson boys, quit West Point to become a cowboy and be one of the Pony Express Riders. Jim was a good salesman and talked his father into letting him go back to Montana with Chaz.

They got off the train at Billings, Montana, then a town of about 3,000, which was as near the ranch as they could get by rail. They spent several days in Billings getting their outfits ready. Just as they were about ready to start their ninety-mile trek, Jim was taken down with mountain fever. His mother and father went to him as fast as trains would go in those days. Chaz wouldn't leave Jim, he wanted to wait till Jim was able to ride and take him with him. But the doctor, who was very good for that time and place, said it would be a long siege. The Fulkersons finally persuaded Chaz to go on alone. After two months of anxious waiting, and watching their son make a fight for life, Jim passed away and was taken back to Illinois to be buried in the Fulkerson family lot.

Nearly all of Chaz's work was done in the west after he quit the ranch and devoted his full time to art. His hobby being accuracy, he never submitted a piece of his work to an art critic for suggestions, but to an old plainsman. One time he finished a painting of a prairie schooner and submitted it to the plainsman, who said: "You left out the axe on the hind axle." Chaz painted in the axe and the plainsman pronounced the painting perfect.

Money meant nothing to Chaz. He was once criticised for trading a



Letter from Charles M. Russell to his cousin, Frank E. Fulkerson, of Jerseyville, Ill.

fine painting for a pair of pants. His comment was: "Well, I couldn't wear the picture, and I had to have some pants."

Frank Fulkerson cherishes a letter written to him by his world-famous cousin, Charles M. Russell. In the letter Chaz referred to a hondue he made for Frank and sent from Great Falls, Montana. (The hondue was an intricate knot made of cowhide, a knot through which a lariat slides.) While visiting Chaz in Montana in 1902, Frank Fulkerson was made happy in becoming the owner of a hondue made for him by Chaz. But one day Frank caught a grown hog and kept it going backward. Not



Sketch of Frank E. Fulkerson roping hogs—by Charles M. Russell.

Chaz was present one time at the Fulkerson farm when they were driving in a bunch of steers from pasture. Frank was riding a small Indian pony from the Jack Mullhull Show of the Oklahoma 101 Ranch and was practicing with his lariat. Chaz in his droll way remarked to Frank:

“You are going to keep foolin’ there until you get something you want someone to help you get loose from.”

Frank said it was true—the pony knew his stuff, but more than his rider, and the steer Frank was trying to rope was nearly double the weight of the pony. Chaz rushed over from his horse and took the lariat, gave it a few twists and up over the steer’s head. Chaz could spin his lariat until the loop opened up enough for anyone to walk through.

When there were guests in Chaz’s home after he married, his wife used to start him to telling stories until everyone laughed throughout the meal. And in his home, when Chaz became quiet and picked up his brushes, guests never knew quite how it happened, but they would find themselves in another room and Chaz’ wife would be doing the entertaining.

The Fulkerson homestead near Jerseyville, Illinois, now occupied by Frank Fulkerson and his wife, Charlotte Fulkerson, is reminiscent of fine old houses of Civil War days. It is filled with treasured relics of past years, especially mementos of the illustrious artist, Chaz M. Russell of the Russell clan. But Chaz was not the only artist of that clan—his



Here's hoping your trail is a long one
 Plain and easy to ride.
 May your dry camp be few
 And Health ride with you
 To the pass of the Big Divide.

Drawing by Charles M. Russell, and rhyme by him, sent to his cousin, Frank E. Fulkerson.

cousin Cornelia Tilden Russell Fulkerson, mother of Joseph and Frank Fulkerson, was awarded two blue ribbons for her paintings during the World's Fair of 1904 in St. Louis. Her pictures in water color and in exquisite embroidery hang on the walls of the parlor in the Fulkerson home.

Joseph Fulkerson likes to tell a story about his mother and her beautiful needlework, a bit of ante-bellum romance dear to his heart. Back in the 1850's when his father was a Pony Express rider, Cornelia Russell sent Colonel William Fulkerson a pair of embroidered slippers. Just where he would have found someone, west of St. Joe, to make them up, was a debatable question. But he cherished the slippers because every stitch was a stitch of love. He never had them made up even after carrying them all over the west and back to Tennessee, because he thought they were too pretty to wear.

The sequel to this romance is that Joseph Fulkerson's late wife, Alice, had each slipper put in a gilt frame. One now hangs on a wall of Joseph's daughter's home in Champaign, Illinois, the other on a wall in his son's home in Jerseyville, where Cornelia Tilden Russell Fulkerson's great-grandchildren now look upon them and pronounce them beautiful.

These are just a few memories of three members of the Russell clan—George Ward Parker of Oak Hill in St. Louis, and Joseph and Frank Fulkerson of Jerseyville, Illinois. Some of the thoroughfares of St. Louis have been named after the Russell family of Oak Hill—Russell avenue after the Russell family, Gustine avenue after Gustine Russell, and Ann, Russell, and Allen avenues in honor of Ann Russell Allen.

Chapter 6

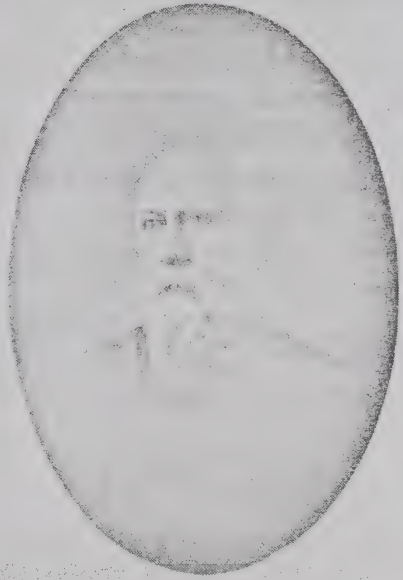
THE PARKER - RUSSELLS

The first association of the Parkers and the Russells in business was a wholesale grocery concern located on Third street in St. Louis. When George Ward Parker married Russella Lucy Russell, daughter of James Russell and Lucy Bent Russell, and became a member of the Parker-Russell Manufacturing Company, the two families were united and, for the better part of a century the name Parker was first in that company.

George Ward Parker was born January 22, 1829 at Galena, Missouri. Russella Lucy Russell was born September 4, 1835 in the James Russell homestead on Oak Hill. Even after her marriage to George Ward Parker, she still made her home on Oak Hill not far from the home where she was born and reared. The old Parker mansion where she spent her married life, and where she died March 6, 1900, still stands at 3405 Oak Hill avenue.

At one time George Ward Parker was a clerk on a Mississippi River steamboat. He was a talented and ambitious man, a musician of more than ordinary ability, giving his services as organist in the Holy Innocents Episcopal Church at Tholozan avenue and Morganford road. Mr. Parker, and one of his daughters, Mrs. Leticia Parker Williams, were devotees of the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra. After her death, December 28, 1942, it was learned that Mrs. Williams, who had been residing in York County, Maine, had made to the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra the largest bequest, \$85,000, in its history. This bequest was made in honor of her father.

His interests were many and varied, and civic pride was a dominant force in the life of George Ward Parker. At one time he was President of the City Council, on another occasion he was Republican mayoralty candidate in St. Louis. He helped to make history by being one of the men who wrote the City Charter of 1876. In the St. Louis World's Fair



GEORGE WARD PARKER
Mr. Parker helped to write the City Charter of 1876.

of 1904 he was numbered among the prominent business men who helped to make that fair a success.

The old Parker mansion is one of the few landmarks of Oak Hill, where the homesteads of the members of the Russell clan used to stand. The James Russell homestead has long been a thing of the past. The John Russell house was once located between Bent and Oak Hill avenues. It burned down in 1888. The burned-out foundation was still visible as late as 1923. While the house was burning, the Fire Department ran a hose from the pond at the Parker-Russell plant and they were getting the fire under control when the pond went dry.

The James Russell plantation estate has dwindled with the passing of the years until only a small portion of it remains around the Parker home on Oak Hill where the present George Ward Parker, son of G. W. Sr., and his wife, Laura Parker, have managed to preserve something of the atmosphere of years gone by. Several acres of vineyards which used to cover the area west of the place are now part of the Knapp-Monarch Company property. Remains of grape vines and gnarled old fruit trees were still to be seen west of the Parker residence as late as 1949, mute reminders that the Parkers and the Russells used to be planters as well as coal and fire clay mine owners. Somewhat later that same year, small modern houses were being erected there, still more signs that the march of progress was crowding out the things of years gone by.

In the rear yard of the Parker place, apart from the house, stands a one-room building. This used to be the quarters of the hired man of the Parker-Russells after the work was no longer done by slave labor.

In some of the rooms of the house occupied by Parkers and Russells of former generations, the present George Ward Parker and his wife have succeeded in restoring the atmosphere of other years when it was known as the Parker Mansion. One whole wall in the Parker dining room is covered with photographs, some in quaint old frames, of Russells and Parkers who used to live in those rooms.

In the parlor, Mrs. Parker's grand piano which she plays with the skill of a trained musician, and a cabinet filled with silver trophies, are about the only things of this modern age to be seen. Everything else, from the paper on the walls to the carpet on the floor, is reminiscent of a long-gone era. In the large front hall which once echoed to the footfalls of people who helped to make history in St. Louis, sits the organ on which the present George Ward Parker's father used to play soul-stirring music—music often played in the silence of the night when he thought no one was awake to hear him.

The silver trophies in the cabinet in the parlor were won by the tennis players of the Parker family—Ward Parker and his wife, Merceina. Ward Parker is the son of the present George Ward Parker and Laura Parker, and a great-grandson of James Russell. In addition to being a well-known tennis player, Ward Parker is the principal of the Mann School at Oak Hill and Juniata avenues. The Mann School stands on land which was once part of the James Russell plantation. Ward Parker's home is on Magnolia avenue, not far from the school which stands



The old Parker mansion, 3405 Oak Hill Avenue, St. Louis

on land once owned by his great-grandfather, and Ward and Merceina Parker's two small sons are of the fifth generation of the Russell clan to live in the locality where James Russell settled back in the early 1800's.

As a descendant of the Russell clan, George Ward Parker is another appreciative and deserving guardian of relics of his ancestors. Born in the late 1870's, he enjoys his memories of his boyhood spent on Oak Hill. In 1885, when Grand avenue and Arsenal street were gravel country roads, his grandmother's (Mrs. Lucy Bent Russell) woods occupied three or four blocks at about where Gustine avenue and Potomac street are now located. There were no sewers, no water mains, no gas or electricity, and no house telephones in that area. A deep, natural drainage ditch ran north and south at about where Roger Place is now located. The only real house or home between Grand and Oak Hill avenues and Arsenal street and Gravois road was the Eckles farm home at the top of the hill, about opposite the present pedestrian gate to Tower Grove Park.

There were two gardeners' cottages (Blaiser Brothers) on the east side at Oak Hill and Fairview, and another cottage on the side of Oak Hill at Arsenal. Oak Hill was then commonly called Russell's Lane, although some city records show Morganford as Russell's Lane.

The exact date that James Russell bought the Russell land from his brother William has not been determined, but it was said to include 432 acres extending from Arsenal street to near Tholozan avenue, and from

Gustine avenue to Kingshighway, except for a tract of land known as the Tole place at Arsenal and Kingshighway.

The nearest car line was the old Blue Line Union Depot Horse Car which passed Union Depot under the present Twelfth street bridge and ambled around, finally ending its route at Kipp's Saloon at Grand and Gravois. About 1888 a single track extension was built as far west as Bent avenue (entrance to Tower Grove Park) with a turn-table so as to turn the four-wheel, bob-tail car around without unhitching the mules. That turn-table was never removed, just paved over.

In order to get to Peabody School at Eighteenth and Carroll streets by 9:00 A.M., George Ward Parker used to catch the 7:30 car at Oak Hill and Arsenal and change to the Blue Line. Eighteenth street was then called Second Carondelet avenue. In good weather Mr. Parker often walked home from school, thus saving a car ticket—value, two-and-a-half cents. But in those days two-and-a-half cents was important money and would buy as much as a half-dozen bananas, slightly over-ripe, but quite edible. Even as late as 1898 a box lunch could be had for a dime, the contents being two meat sandwiches, fruit, and a piece of cake or a slice of pie.

Oak Hill Avenue used to be a narrow mud road. About the present Utah street there was an east and west ditch with a wooden bridge over it. Whenever the rumble of a vehicle was heard crossing the bridge, the Parkers could prepare for company. The only means of transportation then was either on horseback or by horse-drawn vehicle. The Parker's stable held as many as five horses—one for George Parker's father, George Ward Parker, Sr., a horse for each of his brothers, and two for the carriage. The stable was then located at the southwest corner of the Parker's present driveway. Later on the stable was moved to a spot west of the driveway and south of the present large elm tree.

The Parker yard was then enclosed by a picket fence on the north and a plank fence along Oak Hill avenue, with a front gate directly east of the house. A double driveway led to the front porch, with a cedar hitching post alongside the large stone at the front steps, a stone which is still there.

The yard was shaded by large oak trees. In one tree, east of where the Mann garage now stands, there was a built-in hammock spacious enough for several people to stretch out upon, and a ladder led up to the tree-hammock.

There was also a tennis court in the Parker yard where lawn tennis was played with small, flimsy rackets. One side of the racket was in straight line, with the handle lop-sided. The gut was thin and loosely-drawn. At one time canvas was used as tape for lines, good only in tripping the players. The court floor was closely-cropped blue grass.

Three rooms of what is now the Schulte house used to be attached to the Parker mansion on the north. The original house was built about the year 1840 by John G. Russell, and was two-story with a flat roof. In later years the present George Parker's father had the house made higher to make the third story. The original house had double-deck

porches, and the room now used by the Parkers as a dining room was added during the Civil War, to be used as a sewing room. It had no bay window at first. The round bay there now, and the ceiling of wood, was added by Mr. Parker's father about 1885 to enlarge the room for use as a dining room. Not long after that, the roof was changed in order to add two third-story rooms.

In years gone by, the Parkers always had two girls in their home to do the work, a cook and a house girl. They also kept a hired man who made garden, and fed, watered and drove the horses. In addition, he cut weeds, lugged soft coal to each room every day in winter, and lugged out ashes from the individual fireplaces, which provided the only heat in the house. The hired man had the one-room house in the back yard, but he ate in the Parker kitchen with the cook and the house girl. The wages of the hired man amounted to about fifteen dollars a month, the girls getting from ten to twelve dollars a month — all plus "keep," of course.

Each morning the girls collected the lamps from every room to fill them with coal oil, trim the wicks and polish the chimneys. All washing was done in tubs and the clothes were rubbed on wash boards. Irons were heated over coal fires in cast iron stoves winter and summer, and water was pumped by hand from cisterns, the only water supply the Parkers had in those days. All water used was rain water from the roofs. Sometimes they had ice to cool an old-fashioned ice box. When there was no ice, the food was hung in buckets in the cisterns, of which the Parkers had five.

The Parkers also kept a cow which was milked and cared for by the hired man. When one cow began to go dry, she would disappear and a fresh cow would take her place. In summer the cow was staked out all day long to nibble grass.

Red meat for the Parkers was brought to their back yard by Hawkins and Peglar, butchers. They killed their animals in a slaughter house located about the present Pernod road, just west of Morganford road. Mr. Peglar drove the butcher wagon which had a scale dangling at the back door that could be lowered when serving customers, thus providing a counter. To announce his arrival, Mr. Peglar blew a blast on a trumpet.

During his boyhood days, Mr. Parker used to like to go to the slaughter house to get what he called a "nice, smelly bladder" to be blown up for use as a football—an item considered as being a desirable asset for a small boy in those days.

Raising pigs was a boyhood occupation of Mr. Parker's, and he nearly always owned at least one pig, which he fed on food bought by his father for the cow and the horses, as well as on surplus garden truck. The first pig he owned was a Bred Gilt, sent to him by his cousin, Will Fulkerson of Jerseyville, Illinois. After the pig's blessed event, he had six or eight little pigs to sell for the price of about three dollars each. Afterward he fattened up "the old lady pig" and sold her for fifteen dollars, which was a lot of money for one "hawg" in those days.

On one occasion Mr. Parker saved for four weeks to buy a black snake whip of braided leather six feet long. Fred Meyer, the hired man, advised against such extravagance, but the whip, in a harness shop along Gravois road, just looked too pretty to be resisted, so he blew a whole month's allowance for it and never regretted the investment.

Ulrich Brothers General Store on Meramec street near Morganford road, was a regular temptation spot for a boy. In addition to dry goods, groceries, feed, hay, grain, harness, shoes and other items for home and farm, their store was stocked with some very tasty candies, especially licorice and red hots.

Another prominent institution was on Morganford road near Beck avenue—Voyce's Hall, where many a dreary (to George Ward Parker as a boy) church social or entertainment was staged. But he did have a grand time when he peddled ice cream at the entertainments. It was sold in five and ten-cent portions and was donated by the women of the Holy Innocents Episcopal Church at Morganford and Tholozan. The refreshments were sold after the stage play in which at least one child of every family of the church had a part.

The company store owned by the Parker-Russells, located about 100 feet north of the bridge on Morganford road over the Missouri Pacific Railroad tracks, carried a complete line of country store merchandise. The store was operated by Johnny Woodruff, his brother, Jimmy Woodruff, and Jack Spratt. All of George Ward Parker's shoes were bought there, and practically all of the Parkers' provisions except fresh meats. During one early depression the Parker-Russell employees were paid part cash and part in script redeemable in food and other things at the Company Store.

It was about 1885 that the St. Louis, Oak Hill and Carondelet Railroad was built. Later on it was taken over by the Iron Mountain Railroad. Prior to that time all fireclay products made at the Parker-Russell factory had to be hauled by team to a loading track near 12th street, for out-of-town customers. Old man Gartenbach was reported to have made a small fortune doing hauling and street sprinkling. His horse lot was on Morganford road near Wyoming street.

While attending Peabody School, going by train instead of street car, George Parker caught the 7:56 A.M. train at Oak Hill Station, one of the small flag stations of the Iron Mountain Railroad in the coal and clay mining area, and arrived at Union Station at 8:20, walking from there to Peabody School. He used to take his lunch from home, eating it in Lafayette Park, even in winter. He also took his skates to school when the pond in the park was frozen and skated there during lunch hour and after school. His sandwiches were nearly always made with meat or jelly between halves of homemade biscuits. Bakery bread was practically unheard of in the Parker home, so they had hot biscuits for breakfast, lunch, and supper and, on occasions, warmed-over biscuits for a change.

When the weather was rough there was double session at Peabody School, and no one was allowed to go home for lunch, but school let out earlier. Those of the pupils who had lunch with them were expected to

share with the lunchless pupils, and George Parker's biscuit lunches always made a hit. In fact, at one time, his nickname was "Biscuit."

The Parker-Russell Ice House was at the head of a gully located near the south line of what is now Fairview avenue, almost opposite the Schulte home. The Ice House was buried in the ground, all except the roof, with its one door to the east side. Inside, the ice was stored in sawdust. Just west of the Ice House was the Wine House, a large, wooden shed of one story above ground and a deep cellar underneath it. An ever-present odor of sour vinegar hung around the Wine House.

The cellar underneath the Wine House held several hogsheads of varying capacities, and some barrels in which wine and vinegars were stored. The wine and cider presses were operated by hand, as was the machine for grinding the apples preparatory to pressing out the juice. Chris Haley, that small, dark man of firey disposition, was in charge of the Ice House and the Wine House.

George Schmidt (Cooper George), a barrel maker by trade, was in charge of the three-to-five-acre grape vineyard on the Parker-Russell Estate during George Parker's boyhood. As the grapes ripened, George Schmidt patrolled the vineyard, firing off a muzzle-loading shotgun all day long to frighten the birds away.

The last year the vineyard was operated, George Parker did the operating at his father's suggestion. The Parkers raised a fine crop of grapes that year, but it seemed that everyone else raised bumper crops of grapes that year, too. The price of the grapes ran from three-fourths to an eighth cent per pound, including the half-bushel baskets in which the grapes were hauled to market. George Parker did not get rich at raising grapes that year of 1892.

George Parker's memories of his boyhood at Oak Hill near the Gravois Coal Diggings are many and varied and spiced with humor. Notes from his Journal would not be complete without one sample of that humor which had to do with a minister at the Holy Innocents Episcopal Church. Just before dismissal of the Sunday School classes one Easter Sunday morning, the minister announced:

"We will now sing, 'Begin My Soul, the Exalted Lay,' after which the Easter eggs will be distributed."

After a seventy-year stretch in the fire-brick business the Parker-Russell Mining and Manufacturing Company property fronting 338 feet on Morganford road, south of Utah, was taken over by Earl E. Murray, who resold it to Joseph L. Rozier about the year 1934. The Parker-Russell property at that time was said to consist of six-and-one-half acres, with frontage on Morganford road and on Bent avenue, the depth to Bent being 889 feet. It also included half a block of McDonald avenue which had been vacated by city ordinance. The property had a straight boundary and adjoined two manufacturing plants. On the northeast corner where McDonald formerly cut through, the boundary was semi-circle.

Chapter 7

THE CHRISTYS

For many years prior to 1906, the Christy mansion stood far back in a beautiful park along Morganford road in the Gravois Coal Digging area, not far from Chippewa on the north, and Gravois road on the south. The imposing residence was surrounded by large oaks and other shade trees, and a tree-bordered driveway led from the front gate at Morganford road to the steps of the front porch of the house.

The entrance gate of the park was opposite a lane like a quiet country lane hedged with Osage Orange and shaded by vines and trees. The lane began at Morganford road and ended at Gravois road. The Christy carriage used to go down this lane in the morning to take the men of the Christy family to offices in downtown St. Louis, and return by that same route in the evening.

The Christy estate was a large one with many wooded acres, meadows and hay fields, ponds and dewberry patches, and quaint old turnstiles over old-time fences. One of the turnstiles was along Morganford road just south of Christy's Park, another was along Chippewa street, just east of Kingshighway. A pathway led from the stile along Morganford road to wind down through a woodland, cross a footbridge over a gully, or narrow creek, and on down to the Christy Firebrick Factory.

Just east of the turnstile along Chippewa street, tall, white locust



Christy mansion, now part of the Lutheran Convalescent Home on Taft Avenue.



WORKS OF THE CHRISTY FIRE CLAY COMPANY.

Plant located on George Park, on Young's Highway, established in 1887. Plant and clay lands cover a 250-acre tract. Unique treatment of clays and manufacture of refractory materials. New fire clays for use in the manufacture of

Works of the Christy Fire Clay Company—Year of 1904

trees had grown over steep coal pit banks where coal pits had been in operation many years ago. The pathway from the Chippewa side turnstile also led through another beautiful woodland where there was a pond fed by a spring, and finally wound down to the Christy Factory. The railroad spur of the Missouri Pacific or Iron Mountain Railroad on Oak Hill was near this pathway through the Christy woods, and led to the Christy Factory.

Cattle used to graze in the Christy woodlands and meadows, men cut hay in the fields, and several generations of children of the old coal digging locality enjoyed the Christy woodlands as children of today enjoy public playgrounds, for there were no forbidding "No Trespassing" signs marking those woodlands. Children picked wild flowers there in spring and summer, learned to fish and swim in the ponds, went boatriiding and waited eagerly for the first signs of the water lilies on the Long Pond, and held skating parties on that pond in wintertime. They picked dewberries in the Christy meadows when those berries were ripe, and they gathered nuts from the Christy woodlands in autumn.

To those who had been born and reared in the neighborhood of the Christy estate, as their parents had been before them, the Christy estate seemed to be an institution which would forever resist drastic change. The lovely park would remain untouched by alien hands, there would always be Christys in the Christy mansion, the song birds would always sing among the tall trees in the park in spring and summertime, and flowers would bloom there in season to delight the flower lovers of the old diggings area. The woodland would never be disturbed by the rapid growth of the city, there would always be peace and quiet there for those who enjoyed walking along woodland trails in all seasons of the year.

The James Russell estate had been only a few acres smaller than the Christy estate, but it had dwindled with the years until only a small part of the original estate remained in the hands of the members of the Russell clan. Streets had taken the place of lanes on the Russell estate long before Christy's Lane was made into a street, houses had been built along those streets, tall oaks had been sacrificed until only small groves of oaks, which had caused that part of St. Louis to be named Oak Hill, remained as reminders of the Russell woodlands, but the change had been gradual on the Russell estate, there had been no shocking, sudden upheaval.

But death has a way of creating change and often ruin to once-familiar and beloved places of beauty, as well as to the hearts of people who care. The death of Calvin Morgan Christy, son of William Tandy Christy, who first settled on the Christy estate, touched off a chain of circumstances which caused Christy Park to become a subdivision where small houses were built along newly-made streets, and to cause fine old trees to be sacrificed to make way for the new building project. The wooded acres, the quiet lanes, the sunny meadows and the hay fields became things of the past. The Christy mansion was turned into a home for convalescents. The building projects on what had long been known as the Christy estate extended from Morganford road to Kingshighway, and from the northern to the southern boundaries of that land. The

well-known Long Pond along Kingshighway was drained and streets and houses appeared in that vicinity. It is doubtful if anyone who once enjoyed that pond could now recognize the place or locate the spot where the pond had been. A rapidly growing city had scored another victory and shouldered aside the rural atmosphere of still another community. To some who remembered that part of St. Louis as home, it seemed like the desecration of something sacred.

The Christy name is still a familiar one in various parts of St. Louis, especially that part where coal and fire clay were mined in years gone by. The name can be seen on Christy Memorial Methodist Church at Morganford road and Neosho street, where the Christy woodland used to be. It is still on the factory located along Kingshighway—Laclede-Christy Fire Clay Products. There is a Christy avenue, Christy boulevard, and Christy Memorial Park—even the name of Christy on a garage near the park. These are a few of the mute reminders of the Christys who pioneered first as people who farmed their land in the old coal diggings of St. Louis, and enjoyed those vast acres as their country home, then as owners of coal and fire clay mines when coal and fire clay were discovered on their estate, and then as people who built up an industry which was to endure many years after fire clay was discovered there.

The Christy clay plant was established in 1857 and was founded by William Tandy Christy. By the turn of the century the Christys had about five miles of underground workings, and a unique treatment of clays and manufacture of refractory materials. No other factory in the world embraced the same lines.

William Tandy Christy moved from Murfreesburg, Tennessee to St. Louis in the spring of 1836 and organized a dry goods business known as Woods, Christy and Company. Mr. Christy's wife was Ellen Patience Morgan of Knoxville, Tennessee. Their eldest son, Calvin Morgan Christy, after being graduated from Princeton University, engaged in the fire clay business in St. Louis. In 1881 Calvin M. Christy organized the Christy Fire Clay Company, and in this new field headed an organization which came into leading prominence in its lines. In May, 1907 this company was merged with the Laclede Fire Brick Manufacturing Company, and Mr. Christy, formerly president of the concern bearing his name, became chairman of the executive board of the consolidated companies.

Mr. Christy's financial interest in the Laclede-Christy Clay Products Company was that of principal stockholder, and in the brief period that he was spared to direct its activities he laid down policies and created standards which resulted in its continual, successful and prosperous expansion. The confidence and esteem of his business colleagues were his in abundant measure. Long acquaintance in intimate relations had resulted in his reputation as a man upright beyond question.

Mr. Christy's part in the life of his city had far wider limits than the world of affairs. Public matters, as expressed in political activity, had no appeal for him, but concern for the general welfare of his fellows, and especially those whom fortune favored but little, was a dominant emotion

in his life. In the avenues of philanthropy he bore his full share, and his generous nature, keenly alive to the responsibilities of his stewardship, found countless unknown means of doing good. He was a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, careful and devoted in the discharge of his religious duties; and it was due to his liberal gifts that the Christy Memorial Church on Morganford road and Neosho street was built.

From the well-spring of the life of Calvin Morgan Christy flowed numberless deeds of kindness and charity, causing the lives of those upon whom they were bestowed to know new strength. He was a man of rare quality and richness of spirit, a blending of virtue and power. His death occurred in Daytona, Florida, December 27th, 1904, when he and his family were passing the winter season there.

In young manhood, Calvin Morgan Christy married Mary A. LeBeau. The children of the Christys were Ellen Morgan Christy, who married Edwin A. Macpherson; William T. Christy, who married Marguerite Shields; John LeBeau Christy, who married Fredericka Spink; Mary Belle Christy, who married Clemens T. Strauss; Virginia Christy, who married Kenneth Massa Davis; and Calvin Morgan Christy, who married Lida Lee Wiegand.

Ellen Morgan Christy Macpherson died in January, 1927 in Fort Worth, Texas.

Mary Belle Christy Strauss resides in Chicago.

All the others reside in St. Louis. (This information was offered in 1949).

Calvin Morgan Christy, youngest son of the Christy family, has followed in his father's footsteps, remaining in the fire brick business. In 1922 he organized the Christy Firebrick Company in St. Louis, which is to this day actively engaged in the fire brick business. This company offers to industry the largest variety of refractory material obtainable. It is interesting to note that one of its principal products is for the glass industry, the same industry which originally attracted his father into the fireclay business. Many people of the Old Gravois Coal Diggings will recall taking excursions to Crystal City, Missouri, to visit the historic Plate Glass Works there. The glass works, now owned by the Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company, is one of the first plants devoted to the manufacture of glass in this country. The Christy fireclay, which was found to be of unusually high quality, has been particularly suited to the making of clay pots for the melting of glass.

The present Calvin Morgan Christy was born in the Christy mansion which stood in the Christy Park along Morganford road. This former home of the Christys, now part of the Lutheran Convalescent Home on Taft avenue near Morganford road, was built in 1894, the year Calvin Morgan Christy was born. Prior to that time the Christys had a house near the more elegant residence, one in which the William Tandy Christys, grandparents of the present Calvin Morgan Christy, lived even before the Civil War when the estate was merely their summer home. For a number of years the present Calvin M. Christy was a pupil of the Oak Hill School on Tholozan avenue.

Children of Calvin M. and Lida Lee Christy are Anne and Lida Lee. Anne, the younger of the two daughters, married Nicholas Van Vranken Franchot 3rd, who is associated with Calvin M. Christy in the firebrick business. This gives promise of still another generation to participate in an industry indigenous to St. Louis. Anne is the mother of a daughter named Christy.

Lida Lee married Edmonstone Field Thompson, whose father, Guy Thompson, is trustee for the Missouri Pacific Railroad. Edmonstone is a lawyer in his father's firm.

Chapter 8

THE BINGHAMS

Very little is remembered about the Binghams, who owned the third and smallest plantation in the former coal mining area of St. Louis. Those who might have shed more light on the Bingham family history have long been gone to their eternal reward.

The old Bingham homestead used to stand about half-way between



Corner of Jessica and Osceola—two of the first houses to be built on the Bingham plantation after it was made into a subdivision.

Osceola street and Bingham avenue, and Jessica street and Gravois road, about the present 4100 block. It was still standing as late as the early 1940s, when it was torn down to make room for new buildings.

The overseer's house on the Bingham plantation was of rock, and it stood along Morganford road near Osceola street where the present Oak Hill School now stands. The Bingham burying ground was located at Morganford road and Osceola street. Traces of some of the graves were still in evidence in that little graveyard as late as 1905.

Of the Bingham family, only three of its members are remembered—Tom Bingham, his son Tom, and his daughter, Miss Carrie. It is believed that the Binghams came to St. Louis from Alabama quite a while before the Civil War. They were slave owners and they farmed their land and mined coal there as did their neighbors, the Russells and the Christys, only on a smaller scale. Part-white Milly was one of the Bingham slaves, and another well-remembered Bingham slave, a fifteen-year-old lad just over from Africa, used to chase the white children around the plantation while he chanted some of the first English words he had learned: "Jubah dis an' jubah dat, jubah roun' de yella cat!"

The Bingham plantation adjoined the Wade property near Meramec street, then ran along Morganford road to Gravois road, extending on the opposite side of Gravois road in the direction of Carondelet Park, but just how far in that direction is no longer recalled. However, the Bingham land was extensive enough to allow the overseer four acres of land to cultivate for his own use, with orchard trees as well as vegetable garden; all this around the rock house in which he and his family resided.

Miss Carrie Bingham was the last of her family to be left to reside in the Bingham homestead. As a friend of the Christys, Miss Carrie used to be with them in their home in the diggings, and accompanied the Christys when they went to their summer home in Michigan.

It was during the 1890s that the Bingham plantation became a subdivision where Bingham, Jessica, and Osceola were three of the first streets made, and small houses were built along them.

Chapter 9

ST. LOUIS COAL MINES AND THEIR OWNERS

Though coal was known at Florissant before 1819, and was mined on the James Russell Estate in St. Louis County in 1820, it was not mined in considerable amounts until after 1840. By 1855 other coal mines in addition to Russell's were in operation in the Prairie des Noyers or Gravois Coal Diggings area.

Coal, that important mineral substance, was chiefly mined along the southern edge of the formation in St. Louis County. All the workings were on the same stratum, which varied from two to five feet in thickness and was nearly horizontal.

At Gardtside's Coal Mines, where the coal was from four to five feet in thickness, near the City Farm, three-and-a-half miles southwest of St. Louis, a number of shafts were sunk at an average depth of about forty feet to the coal bed. (Robert W. Gartside was connected with the Gartside Coal Company, of which his uncle was president.)

Russell's, Christy's, Bingham's, Gartside's, Hunt and McDonald's, and Morrow and McGreggor's were all coal mines in the Prairie des Noyers or Gravois Coal Diggings area. But there was a coal bank on Chouteau's land, and another one on Mr. Shreve's land, four miles from the Court House—a coal bed a foot thick in the side of a hill about ten feet above the bed of a small branch of Maline Creek. There was another coal bed on the St. Charles McAdamized road a short distance beyond Prairie des Noyers—a thin seam of coal discovered in the excavating of a well. South of Clayton road on Mrs. McCuthan's land an eight-inch seam of coal ran at the base of a hill. The same bed was struck while sinking a well on the top of a hill on Philip Litzinger's land. Coal also occurred on Mr. Fitzgerald's land south of the Bon Homme road, about fifteen miles from St. Louis. These were all near St. Louis after coal began to be mined more extensively there.

The coal of St. Louis County was all of Bituminous variety, burned with a good flame and yielded a gray ash. Sometimes it contained a good deal of sulphuret of iron in the form of thin, leaf-like laminae, and at others it was comparatively free from that substance. It also frequently contained very thin plates of crystalline carbonate of lime, generally vertical, but sometimes horizontal and oblique.

At the James Russell mines coal cropped out on the western slope of a hill fifty feet below the top. The bed was worked at Russell's by means of five shafts sunk on top of the hill. The deepest of the shafts was forty-five feet, the shallowest thirty feet, and the bed of coal varied from four to eight inches to five feet in thickness.

Though considerable coal was mined on the Christy Estate before the discovery of fireclay there, the coal was thin.

The Hunt and McDonald Coal Mines were situated on the Prairie

des Noyers on the west side of Grand avenue, three miles from the Court House. The land there was about the same elevation as at Russell's Mines and the coal was reached by a number of shafts which varied from twenty-two to thirty-eight feet in depth. The bed was from three to six feet thick but the common thickness of the workable coal was about five feet. During the summer months sixty men were employed at Hunt and McDonald Coal Mines and during the winter, one hundred and fifty.

South of Hunt and McDonald's were the Morrow and McGregor's Coal Mines on the west side of Gravois road. A short distance farther, in the same direction, was Peter DeLore's Coal Mines, on the east side of the road.

Assuming that the miners employed at the coal mines just in the area known as Prairie des Noyers or the Old Gravois Coal Diggings, worked all year, worked 260 days and that those in the winter worked four months or 85 days, and each man mined about 80 bushels of coal per day, or three tons, those men mined about 90,000 tons of coal a year from that area.

This seems a large figure, but in 1847 a total of 88,888 tons of coal were weighed at the city scales in St. Louis, which was assumed to be mined in or near St. Louis. In 1846, 75,555 tons were weighed. In 1840 the total coal mined in all Missouri was reported to be 11,000 tons. St. Louis County produced 444,642 tons of coal, much of which must have come from and near the Gravois Diggings. Nearly half of the coal mined in the state of Missouri in 1855 appeared to have been mined there. Even in 1879 more than two-thirds of the coal came from the St. Louis area. In 1900 no coal was mined in St. Louis.

According to the United States Geological Survey, the total coal mined in 1846 in Missouri was 68,000 tons, in 1847 it was 80,000 tons, in 1855 it was 185,000 tons and in 1870 it was 621,930 tons.

(The last Paleozoic period of which there is a record in Missouri, was the Pennsylvanian, which began perhaps 250,000,000 years ago. The Pennsylvanian is considered an important period because it was during that time that most of the coal of Missouri was formed and immense quantities of lead, zinc, and barite ores were deposited. The shales, sandstones, and limestones of the period covered more than a third of the state. The land was low and poorly drained at this time, permitting vegetation to accumulate on the swamp bottoms, layer upon layer, to be gradually converted into coal strata. At the same time, the subsoils of the swampy, tropical, jungles, robbed of their minerals by the roots of coal forming forests, were gradually altered to refractory, or fire clays. These clays underlie much of St. Louis and are found in abundant deposits in central Missouri).

Chapter 10

COAL MINERS AND EARLY SETTLERS

In various ways, men who followed the occupation of mining, as the fathers and grandfathers of some had done before them, learned of the coal mines in St. Louis County in Missouri. Some of those miners had already been working in other parts of the United States where there were mines, others came from the British Isles after receiving letters from relatives who had ventured to America in search of fortune. These were the Welsh, Scotch, English and Irish who gave to the coal diggings of St. Louis County that British atmosphere long-remembered by daughters and sons born to those early settlers after arriving in the coal diggings area. That atmosphere, brought to the diggings by those people from the British Isles, dominated, along with the southern plantation way of life, until the German immigrants began to arrive in the 1850s.

The Welsh and English miners, being of short stature, seemed to be more successful at mining coal than their larger Scotch and Irish companions in the mines because they could more easily work in low or narrow places in the mines. But most of the early coal miners acquired small homes and planted their land to fruit-bearing trees, beautiful shrubbery, and flower and vegetable gardens. Being home-loving people, improving their land and homes was their chief pleasure. The results of their loving care of their homes brought about the beauty in that mining community long remembered by those of a later generation.

Included among the early settlers of the coal diggings were people of the Mormon religion—Latter Day Saints. Chief among the Mormons were the Hazeldines, a Mormon preacher and his wife. The wife acted as midwife who delivered many of the babies born to the wives of the coal miners. The Hazeldines owned four acres of land located between Morganford road, Kingshighway, Chippewa street and Beck avenue. They created beauty on that land with orchards, and flowers and vegetable gardens still remembered with pleasure by descendants of early settlers of the diggings. One of those descendants who visited the Ann Hathaway Garden in England called the Hazeldine garden a "regular Ann Hathaway Garden," though there are no traces now left of the Hazeldine garden. However, the memory of it is still vividly recalled.

Among the doctors who attended to the ailments of the coal miners and their families were Dr. Harvey and Dr. Finley, although there are few people now living who even remember the names of those two early physicians of the former coal diggings. Living conditions were rugged among the families of the miners, and the families were usually large. When cholera, smallpox, bowel complaints, malaria and other illnesses struck, too often only the strongest survived. Puny children did not have much chance to combat illness under conditions bordering on those of

pioneer days. Flies and mosquitoes helped to carry plagues which started and spread among the people.

The names of most of the early settlers of the Gravois Coal Diggings were nearly all of British origin—Russell, Parker, Christy, Bingham, Wade, Tole, Thorpe, Clyde, Carpenter, Oliver, Twist, Spratt, Woods, Jamieson, Wagstaff, Thomas, Stewart, Hazeldine, Young, Wehrle, Crawford, Hill, Willets, Smith, Jones, Brown, Gray, Powers, Ayers, Scott, Noelty, Belford, McCormack, Maloney, Canorior, Craig, Plant, Blaikie, Dear, Holt, Chareilton, Hall, Horton, Armstrong, Thompson, Gilson, Kendall, Peglar, Hanna, Sutton, Stockwell, Graham, Woodruff, Holdsworth, Hawkins, Giles, Lewis, Steel, Sims, Owens, Fisher, Bradshaw, Crawford, Henshaw, Morgan, Fuller, Todd, Wandless, Daley, Bull, Marshall, Fields, Davis, Elson, Jacobs, Hay, Lumm, Lisinpe, Taylor, Pittman, Reese, Street, Bailey, James, Stevens, Stephen, Oxman, Sheppard, Johnston, Bayliss, Crake, Blevens, Joplin, Eckles, Grace, Skinker, Freeborn, Moore, Simmons, McClure, Bent, Tutt, Betts, Slinger, Mason, Abbott, Blake, Judson, Warner, Phillips, Talbot, Cross, Mead, Mears, Parkinson, Wright, Allen, Bougas, Michael, Westerfield, Fuller, and other names which escape memory.

Some of the names were reminiscent of the British aristocracy—people who hoped to earn for themselves in the United States the wealth and influence which had once belonged to their families; but to which they no longer had a claim. Some of those people were almost fanatical in their pride of race and breeding. A few conquered false pride enough to labor with their hands in order to earn what they desired for more gracious ways of living. Others, handicapped not only by false pride, but with less physical endurance, drifted into even more poverty-stricken circumstances. However, for a goodly number of the men who worked in the coal and the fire clay mines in that part of St. Louis, the place proved to be one of greater opportunities than any they had known in their homelands across the sea. Because of thrifty ways and wise investments some of them became home owners. A few of those houses still stand in the original locations and are, for the most part, owned by descendants of men who built them.

Some of those early settlers of the coal diggings had been California bound, where they hoped to gain wealth in the gold mines. These people only stopped to remain as early settlers of the coal diggings of St. Louis because their money ran out and they had no means to journey farther. Others, with small children, realizing when that much of their journey from the British Isles or elsewhere had been traversed, that they were not of the stuff of which pioneers are made, were happy to make camp permanently and declare the Gravois Coal Diggings Journey's End.

Those were years of cruel hardships, of brave beginnings after even greater hardships endured in the old countries where they had been born and reared. But it was these mutual hardships and trials which created the kindly spirit and the pleasant community life among the miners and their families. But even that kindly spirit of understanding did not keep some of the women from breaking mentally as well as physically before

some measure of security was gained. Families too large for frail women, long hours of toil under primitive conditions, water to be carried for all household use, numerous privations and, too often, nagging thoughts and longing for the ones they had left behind in the old country—aged parents, brothers, sisters, other loved ones they were never to see again.

Illiteracy was common among the families of the miners, for there was neither time nor opportunity for higher education when the struggle for daily necessities was such an urgent one. Child labor was a common practice. Boys not yet in their 'teens were employed, taking their share of the burdens of large families. There were no schools in the coal digging area in the early years, and only a few of the children learned to read and write—and there were no churches.

Reading matter was not plentiful among the early settlers of the coal diggings. The old New York Ledger was a favorite among the few magazines and papers, and it was read to others who could not read by those who had been fortunate enough to have gained a little knowledge of reading and writing. Letters from relatives and friends in other countries provided some of the reading material and they were read over and over—mere travel-stained sheets of paper sealed with wax, because there were no envelopes.

Some of the messages were from aging parents who would never see their venturesome children again. Bearing tear-stains when they arrived, they became still more tear-stained when they reached their destination and were read by the recipients. Such messages were shared among the neighbors where there was mutual need for consolation over thoughts almost beyond bearing. But sharing and caring were two of the things which helped to create and foster the kindly community life and spirit among those early settlers.

With the arrival of the German immigrants during the 1850s, the atmosphere of the diggings began to change, and the discovery of fire clay on the plantations where coal had been mined, and the manufacture of fire clay products brought another element of change to the coal mining area. Two thriving fire clay industries, the Russell's and the Christy's, changed the locality into something of an industrial center, and the leisurely plantation way of life gradually became a thing of the past.

Among the Germans who first settled in the coal mining locality of St. Louis was one named Ulrich, who became a successful merchant with stores along Meramec street just east of Morganford road. Ulrich was quick to see the possibilities for progress in the place. He liked what he saw so well that he became instrumental in having a ship load of his fellow countrymen and their families brought to the coal diggings to establish homes, places of business, and truck gardens there. Elderly descendants of early settlers still recall how Ulrich paraded his newly-arrived countrymen along the narrow thoroughfares of the old coal diggings. They were hard-working people of thrifty habits, alive to the possibilities for greater progress than they had known in Germany, and it was not long until they began to prosper, to build their own church

and school and to create a community life of their own, which was to dominate that formerly created by people from the British Isles.

By the turn of the century there were more people of German names than British names, and the Germans outnumbered those of the English speaking race. The Germans were prolific, had large families, and remained to build homes which are still owned by their descendants. By 1900 the coal mining was something of the past, only a few coal pit banks and sink holes where pit shafts had been, and ponds, such as the Stump Pond, with mining props still showing, remaining as reminders of the years when St. Louis had been an important coal mining center.

Chapter 11

THE FIRST SCHOOL OF THE COAL DIGGINGS

The first school to be built in the coal mining area of St. Louis is believed to have been of oak logs, a one-room building located opposite the Parker-Russell Company Store on Morganford road, just north of



Front view of the second Oak Hill School, Tholozan Avenue, built in 1870.

the Missouri Pacific Railroad bridge. Because this school stood in a grove of oak trees on the James Russell Estate, it was called Oak Hill School. Just what year it was built, and the names of the ones instrumental in building it, is something which seems to have been lost to memory. The time and circumstances have long been forgotten, as there is probably no one now living who had been a pupil there. Mr. William G. Jamieson, who died in February, 1952, and Mrs. Janet Graham Stockwell, who died May 8th, 1940, were two of the few people who remembered attending that first Oak Hill School as very small children. Mr. Jamieson remembered that his teacher was Miss Vash Parkinson.

When the second Oak Hill School was built in 1870, with a downstairs and an upstairs room, and located on what was then called Russell Lane, now Tholozan avenue, south of Arsenal street, or road, as it was called then, about six blocks west of Grand avenue, William Jamieson and Janet Graham were pupils there. Arsenal road was then a continuation of Arsenal street, and only went as far as 3000 west, while Russell Lane ran from Mine road, a continuation of Chippewa street, to Arsenal road. After the second Oak Hill School was built on Tholozan avenue, the first Oak Hill School was turned into a place of residence and in 1906 was occupied by the Slinger family.

A photograph of the second Oak Hill School, with some of the pupils and teachers of 1879, now hangs on a wall in one of the corridors of the third Oak Hill School, that fine, modern brick building located at Morganford road and Bingham avenue on land which was part of the Bingham plantation. The pupils in the photograph were children of early settlers of the coal diggings, and their names recall to mind events told of

those years during and after the Civil War when the problem of educating the children of the working people who had settled in that location was slowly beginning to be solved. Before those years educational advantages were limited to the favored few whose parents had means to send them to select schools. Children of the laboring class of people, not fortunate enough in having parents who could read and write and pass their knowledge on to their children, did not even acquire the fundamentals of reading, writing and arithmetic. As they grew older they were ashamed to admit that they could not even spell or write their own names.

It was partly because of this lack of knowledge that some of the names of early settlers were incorrectly pronounced, spelled or written. Some of those names, after years of incorrect pronunciation and spelling never received correction—names such as that of Wolters, which eventually became Walters because that was the way people had been used to spelling and pronouncing it. Another name, Jamieson, was in the early years spelled Jemison, but correction occurred somewhere along the years. One of the ridiculous errors in the pronouncing of a name of the diggings was that of Beck avenue which was so repeatedly called "Back" avenue that one child, after spelling out the name on a street corner after she learned to read and write was indignant because she believed the name on the sign to be misspelled.

Examples of the incorrect spelling of names is evident in the names of the pupils in the photograph of the Oak Hill School in 1879—Anna, Kate, and Will "Jemison." Other pupils in the photograph were Mary Plant, Sarah Lisinpe, Mary J. Hay, Sallie Lumm, Myra Pittman, Lizzie Twist, Bertha Feuerstalk, Josie Powers, Emma Medley, Ella Hawkins, Julia Daly, Mary Lewis, Nappie Lewis, Lena Jacobs, Tillie Bottisher, Kate Gartenbach, Nellie Powers, Sarah Taylor, Leah Marshall, Maggie Hay, Maggie Mewinne, Emily Marshall, Katie Powers, Annie Fields, Tillie Wade, Ellen Clyde, Mary Sims, Harriet Woodruff, and Will Morgan, George Wagstaff, John Davis, Ross Brown, Will Elson, Jim Graham, William Plant, Tom Bedford, Jim Woodruff, and John Gartenbach.

Three teachers included in the photograph were Prof. Finley F. Westerfield, Principal, and Misses Sallie Sheckley and Bertha C. Michael.

In March, 1930 a 60th anniversary was celebrated at the third Oak Hill School at Morganford road and Bingham avenue. Few, if any, of those attending that celebration knew that the history of Oak Hill School covered more years than was stated on the programs—perhaps twenty or more if the date of the building of the one-room school on Oak Hill on the Russell Estate, and the years between that date and the building of the school on Tholozan avenue, had been included.

The programs for the 60th celebration of the school gave the names of some of principals in the early years of the history of the school, among those principals being Mr. Daley, Mr. Bauer, Mr. Van Kirk, and Mr. Mears, but no dates were given as to when they served at Oak Hill School. It is possible that these principals served at the one-room school on Oak Hill, opposite the Parker-Russell Company on Morganford road.

Among the teachers who served during the early years of the school on Tholozan avenue were Miss Kate Lally, Miss Rose Marks, Miss Bertha Michael, and Miss Emma Westerfield. This was in the late 1800s and early 1900s.

From 1877 to 1902 the principals at Oak Hill School were:

Mr. T. E. Smith, 1877-79.

Mr. Finley F. Westerfield, 1881-82.

Mr. M. F. Healy, 1882-83.

Mr. M. D. Mungen, 1883-84.

Mr. J. V. Wettle, 1884.

Mr. Chas. Jenner, 1884-85.

Mr. Gilbert C. Goodlet, 1885-89.

Mr. Alex H. Noel, 1889-92.

Mr. Geo. N. Martin, 1892-94.

Mr. Richardson D. White, 1894-96.

Miss Fannie Wade, 1896-1902.

Chapter 12

THE FIRST CHURCH OF THE COAL DIGGINGS

The first church of the coal mining area of St. Louis was located at Morganford road and Tholozan avenue, and endured under the name of The Church of the Holy Innocents, Episcopal, from 1871 to 1935.

In the early years of the history of the church it was used as a place of worship by people of all denominations — Catholics, Lutherans, Presbyterians, Methodists, Baptists, and others, for their own forms of divine service. The pastors of those various faiths used to ride out on horseback from St. Louis, often knee-deep in mud of the Diggings road or Gravois road, to preach the Gospel to the people of the coal diggings.

Holy Innocents Episcopal Church was organized as a parish in 1871 in the Union Church Building at Oak Hill, St. Louis County, Missouri.

The first rector of the parish was Rev. Dr. A. F. Samuels and the name of Holy Innocents, suggested by Dr. Samuels, was adopted as the name of the parish.

The first vestry elected consisted of the following persons: Messrs. T. G. Russell, John Toll, Chas. S. Russell, Geo. W. Parker, Wm. Jamieson, Joseph Oxman, and Richard F. Smith.

The following were the first delegates elected from Holy Innocents to the Convention of the Diocese of Missouri: Messrs. C. S. Russell, T. G. Russell, John Toll, and Geo. W. Parker.

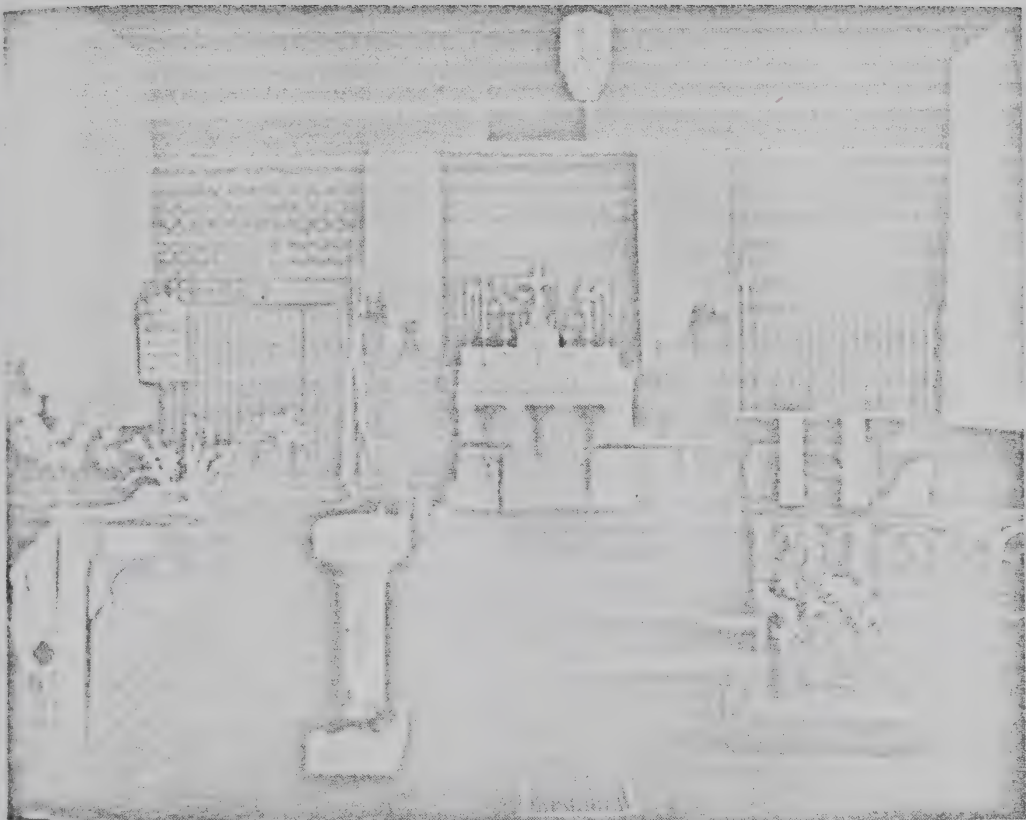
In the original Articles of Association for organizing Holy Innocents Parish in the County of St. Louis, Diocese of Missouri, United States of America, the following names appear: T. G. Russell, Julia A. Russell, Geo. W. Parker, Russella L. Parker, William Jamieson, John Toll, Richard F. Smith, M. Jamieson, Joseph Oxman, Eliza Oxman, Mary Wright, James Jamieson, Harriet Wright, John B. Mears, Chas. S. Russell, Mary E. Russell, and Maggie L. Toll.

Bishop C. F. Robertson, Bishop of Missouri, certified that notice had been given him of the organization of Holy Innocents Church, Oak Hill, St. Louis County, Missouri, and that he had given his approval of the same.

The establishment of Holy Innocents Parish marked an era in the



Holy Innocents Episcopal Church, corner of Morganford and Tholozan, as the building looks today. First church of the Coal Diggings.



Altar in Holy Innocents Episcopal Church, Morganford road and Tholozan avenue

history of Oak Hill and its neighborhood, for fifteen years previous to that time, though a large population existed, there were no church privileges. During the fifteen years under the auspices of the Presbyterian, Methodist and other denominations, efforts to this end were made, but with only partial success, ending at last in abandonment, yet doubtless the seed was sown to which some of the present day may be traced.

Thus Holy Innocents was organized Easter, 1871 with Rev. Dr. F. Samuels, who gave the parish its name, as the first rector. Occasional services of the church had been held previously by visiting clergymen from the city

Dr. Samuels resigned the Rectorship Easter, 1872 to take effect some weeks later, when he was succeeded by Rev. J. Chestnut, then in his Diaconate. Rev. Chestnut resigned his charge Easter 1873. From the time of his resignation until the following September the parish had no Rector, but was in charge of the Rev. E. Wickens, then taking a vacation from the Diocese of Texas.

In September, 1874 Rev. Louis Schuyler took charge of the parish

and his report to the parish will no doubt best serve to describe the condition during his period.

"Of the good results attendant upon the establishment of this parish, and the previous efforts, no one who can compare the former condition of our neighborhood with the present, can for a moment doubt; and it is cheering to note that the prospects in the near future for the advancement of religion with all its attendant benefits to mankind, were never so bright.

"Our financial condition, usually the trouble of so many parishes, is good. An old debt of some two hundred dollars, incurred in the purchase of many things necessary in the beginning, has been put out of sight for the present at least by Parker-Russell Manufacturing Company.

"Our subscriptions for the past year with the Sunday offerings will nearly suffice to meet the small salary paid to our Rector and our other moderate expenses. Yet our subscription list does not embrace a sufficient number of names. It is better that we should have more, even if the amount obtained in addition is small, for those who pay to the church do certainly seem to take more interest in it.

"The late Mrs. Lucy Bent Russell gave to the parish half an acre of land, on condition that a church building should be erected within five years from the date of her decease, and this matter must engage our attention within the year. (1875)

"The great interest exhibited of late in our church services would at any rate seem to require very soon larger accommodations than we have now. (Etc.)

"(Geo. W. Parker, Sec'y.)"

Rev. Louis Schuyler, Rector, 1874-1877.

Rev. B. H. Botte, Rector, 1878-1880.

Rev. Thos. Gordon, Rector, 1880-1882.

In 1883 a call was extended to Rev. Chas. H. Gouthier, but Mr. Gouthier declined the call, stating he had accepted a call in Texas on account of his health.

Rev. Lytton, Rector, 1884-1885 (May).

When Mr. Lytton resigned May 9th, 1885, it was proposed to resign the parish, but the motion was lost. From this day on it appears that the parish was without a rector until the year 1889.

In the year 1889 a movement for the purchase of the land and building which had for so long a time been used by this parish for its church services having been made, the matter was laid before the Bishop. It received his endorsement, which took the form of a general letter authorizing Miss Rebekah Parker to take charge of the collections and disbursements for the purpose. A meeting of the vestry was called for the purpose of hearing a letter from the Bishop with regard to the purchase of the lot and building now occupied by the church. Part of the Bishop's letter to the Secretary of the Vestry was as follows:

"I am hoping the way may open itself for us to raise the \$1,500.00 necessary to buy your little church and lot and I am asking Miss Parker to take an appeal from me to help toward this end.

"Now please will you summon your Vestry together and ask them how

they can help also and further this good work. Please say to them that I will be most glad and grateful for any wise counsel or generous help they can give.

"Faithfully yours,
"Dan. S. Tuttle."

The Vestry assured the Bishop of their hearty cooperation and Mr. Geo. Eckles, Sr., Mr. John Eckles, and Mr. Wm. Kendall, Jr., volunteered to help Miss Parker to raise the amount by soliciting subscriptions in the neighborhood. The property was estimated 132x165 feet, which later would be reduced by the widening of the streets.

Those subscribing toward the amount necessary to buy the church and lot are as follows:

Bishop Tuttle, Mrs. Christy, Mr. Calvin Christy, Mr. John Holt, Mr. John Toll, Mr. Alex Young, Mrs. Bertha Michael, Mr. C. P. Brown, Mr. Wm. Kendall Sr., Mr. W. E. Kendall, Mr. J. R. Kendall, Mr. Edw. Kendall, Mr. Thos. Kendall, Mr. Wm. Twist, Mr. Wm. Marshall, Mr. James Reese, Mr. James Wagstaff, Mr. Charles Sims, Mr. Henry Thompson, Mrs. Hay, Mr. David Lewis, Mr. Joseph Oxman, Mr. Joseph Rain.

Mr. Thos. Sheppard, Mr. Joseph Steele, Mr. F. Bayliss, Mr. J. D. Woodruff, Mr. Wm. Woodruff, Mrs. Eliza Twist, Mr. James Sutton, Mr. Chas. Thorpe, Mr. Thos. Gilson, Mr. John Wood, Mr. Louis Wehrle, Mr. Wm. Meyers, Mr. W. L. Hawkins, Mr. Henry Plant, Mr. M. Wandless, Mrs. Mary Crake, Mr. John Carpenter, Mr. Wm. Scott, Mr. Walter Stockwell, Mr. Geo. Wagstaff, Mr. Frank Peglar, Mr. John Medley, Mr. T. Johnson, Mr. John Blevins, Mr. Jacob Joplin, Mr. Wm. Gartenbach, Mr. Joseph Twist, Mr. Robt. Fritschle, Mr. Isaac Loeb, Mr. Thos. Grace, Mr. John Twist, T. K. Skinker, Mr. Freeborn.

Mrs. Thorpe, Mr. Geo. Thorpe, Mr. Thos. Moore, Mr. Albert Holdsworth, Mr. Cyrus Henshaw, Parker-Russell Co., Miss Rebekah Parker, Mr. Geo. Ward Parker, Jr., Miss Julia Parker, Miss Pauline Parker, Mrs. E. P. Gray, Mr. James Brown, Oak Hill Entertainments, Mr. E. C. Simmons, Mr. D. C. McClure, Mrs. Silas Bent, Mr. Thos. E. Tutt, Miss Palmer's Entertainment, B. Nugent & Bros., Rev. Carroll Davis, Mrs. A. C. Betts, Asaac M. Mason, Brown Daughaday & Co., Mr. John Sharp, Mr. Jno. R. Triplett, Mrs. C. L. Russell, Mrs. Chas. Hoffman, Rev. Stephen Green, Mrs. T. G. Russell, Miss Helen Tutt, Mrs. Jennie Benz, Mrs. Sue Brown, Miss Hayman, Mr. R. F. Phillips, Miss Bauman (Springfield, Mo.), Mr. Chas. Blake, Mr. F. H. Judson, Mr. Cross, Mr. E. H. Finley, Mr. B. B. Graham, Jerome Hill, A. Warren.

Bishop and Oak Hill Collections.....	\$ 815.80
Collections (City)	701.70
Total.....	\$1517.50

The treasurer records that aid has come from widely extended sources; also that they are much indebted to the energy of the young ladies of the parish who by their personal efforts in conducting entertainments produced substantial results.

A record is also made of the thorough canvass of the parish by Mr. W. E. Kendall, which met with a very liberal response.

The title to the property was passed to the trustees of the Parochial Trust Fund for Holy Innocents.

In March of 1889 many of the parishioners desiring a service of some kind but aware of the inability to pay a minister's salary, the matter was laid before the Bishop. The Bishop sent Mr. E. A. Morse as Lay Reader paying a part of the salary he was to receive out of the "Bishop's Purse."

November 4, 1889, the Vestry resolved to tender the care and charge of the parish to the Rev. S. T. Brewster. In 1890 it was resolved that the lot given to the parish by the late Mrs. Russell be exchanged for one across the street and opposite the church site.

In 1890 the Vestry unanimously resolved that the building committee proceed to remove and remodel the church building according to the general plans detailed to the Vestry. In those early days the church was located on the southeast corner of the lot and faced Morganford road. In 1890-91 the building was moved to the southwest corner of the lot and faced Tholozan avenue. On account of this removal the church was closed for three months. The church was reopened under the rectorship of Rev. S. T. Brewster.

Following the resignation of Mr. Brewster in 1891, the Vestry extended a call to Rev. Churchill Eastin to be rector of Holy Innocents and he began his work March 6, 1892. During the months that the church had no rector, Mr. Seymour, a lay reader, supplied, thus avoiding a break in the services.

Mr. Eastin resigned February 18, 1896 and Rev. G. Tuckerman was then invited and requested to take charge of Holy Innocents with such assistance as he thought necessary until such time as a permanent rector could be obtained.

April 7, 1896, the Vestry tendered the care and charge of Holy Innocents to the Rev. Frederick W. Cornell of Chesterfield, Illinois. Letter of acceptance from Mr. Cornell to begin his rectorship of Holy Innocents June 7, 1896.

The Guild Room was erected during the rectorship of Rev. Cornell in 1898. Mr. Cornell resigned his position as rector of Holy Innocents Parish January 1, 1900, and the Rev. G. A. Ottmann took charge as rector. In January, 1901 Rev. Ottmann resigned, resignation to take effect January 7, 1901.

Mr. Ottmann was succeeded by the Rev. H. E. Bowers of Texas, who took charge of Holy Innocents Parish in April, 1901. Mr. Bowers' term was short, he resigned October 1, 1901. A call was then sent to Rev. G. A. Ottmann, former rector, and he accepted. In February, 1902 Mr. Ottmann's resignation was received by reason of ill health, the same to take effect February 21, 1902.

Following the resignation of Mr. Ottmann, the Rev. Wm. A. Hatch of Monroe, Missouri, was called to be the rector and he began his work in April 1902. Mr. Hatch was rector of Holy Innocents eleven years.

Mr. Hatch resigned his charge of Holy Innocents June 1, 1913. The

rectory fund was started for Holy Innocents Parish May 3, 1903, by an entertainment in charge of Miss L. Crump and Mrs. Chas. Hoffman and added to in various ways. In April, 1903 discussion of church matters the point was raised relative to the transfer of the church lot on Bent avenue for the lot on Morganford road.

In June 1903 motion was made, seconded and carried that the church property on the northeast corner of Morganford road and Tholozan avenue, held in trust by Mr. C. S. Russell, be deeded over to the Parochial Trust Fund. This was at the request of Mr. Russell.

In December, 1903 a meeting was called at the request of the secretary to ratify sale of seventy-five feet of church property situated on northeast corner of Morganford road and Tholozan avenue for the sum of \$1400.00 to the Nazareth Evangelical Church. This property was sold to the church and the \$1400.00 was added to the rectory fund. The rectory was erected during the rectorship of Rev. Wm. A. Hatch in the year 1906. To complete the payment of the rectory the sum of \$1200 was borrowed. This principal note and interest notes were all paid while Mr. Hatch was rector. A Vestry meeting was held at the new rectory December 19, 1906.

November 1, 1913, the Rev. J. W. Higson assumed charge of the work at Holy Innocents. Dr. Higson was rector of Holy Innocents for sixteen years. During the year 1921 a committee of which Mr. Otto Weinrich was chairman arranged a suitable celebration of the 50th anniversary of the parish, the celebration beginning May 29, 1921. Mr. Higson resigned December 1, 1929.

After the resignation of the Rev. J. W. Higson, the parish had no rector for more than two years. During this vacancy the services conducted without interruption were through the kindness of the members of the Lay Reader's League, Mr. Wm. Greaves, secretary, and monthly visits from the clergymen, Rev. J. W. Higson, Geo. Lloyd, and Rev. Weddell.

Rev. Lee W. Heaton assumed the rectorship of Holy Innocents April 17, 1933. The vestrymen for 1934 were as follows: Otto Weinrich, Wm. Reese, Wm. Gutgesell, Lee Oliver, John Stephen, Jr., Wm. Hawkins, Oliver Senti, Chas. Reese, Albert Kendall, Chas. Thompson, Earnst Treumper, Melvin Eckles.

A number of times during the history of Holy Innocents, the question of a new church building was seriously discussed, but the movement failed and the old building continued to be used. In 1925 a fund for this purpose was started and a separate account was opened for the building fund at First National Bank.

Miss Lucilla Henshaw was elected treasurer of this fund and at the time of her resignation transferred to Mr. Wm. Gutgesell the sum of \$2049.87 toward the building of a new church.

Two of the boys from Holy Innocents Sunday School and Church have been ordained ministers of the Episcopal Church—Rev. Richard Hatch and Phillip Anthes.

In 1938, through the merger of Holy Innocents and St. Andrew's

Mission, St. Mark's Episcopal Church was started at Clifton and Murdoch avenues in St. Louis.

Maggie Hay, Mrs. Samuels, Lemon and Rebekah Parker, the Wade sisters, Miss Cora Hoffman, Miss Lucilla Henshaw, and Miss Janie Kendall were among the Sunday School teachers at Holy Innocents.

Joseph Oxman was the caretaker of Holy Innocents for a number of years. The widow, Mrs. Alma Sutton, also acted as caretaker of Holy Innocents until she was no longer able to work. With Miss Cora Hoffman, Mrs. Sutton took care of the altar at Holy Innocents after the death of Miss Rebekah Parker.

Chapter 13

FANNIE WADE GUTGESELL, FIRST WOMAN PRINCIPAL OF OAK HILL SCHOOL

In the 4200 block of Meramec street in the former coal mining area of St. Louis stand three houses on the south side of Meramec street above the west end of the viaduct. These three houses are on the Wade property

which, like other tracts of land belonging to descendants of early settlers of the coal diggings, has dwindled with the passing of the years.

Though the Wade property has been in the Wade family for a century or more, it was originally owned by one of the Steins of Stein's Town, a German settlement of the late 1840s. Like other Spanish Land Grants, the Stein acres, or arpents, began along the Mississippi River and extended westward. Stein street, although it is spelled three different ways on street corners of St. Louis, derived its name from the Steins of Stein's Town.

Fannie Wade Gutgesell's father was Shadrach S. Wade, her mother's name was Margot. Shadrach Wade was born in Leicester, England and he came to the

United States in 1849. Margot Wade was born in Cardiff, Wales, and she came to the United States in 1852.

Of the several children born to Shadrach and Margot Wade, their daughter Fannie was the one fated to become an outstanding personality of the former coal digging locality of St. Louis. Quite early in life Fannie Wade's strength of character was made evident in various ways to her parents and others with whom she associated. Her aptitude for learning, her desire for advancement along higher educational lines, her ability to rule, and her indomitable will found an outlet in her own neighborhood when she grew to young womanhood.

Considering that educational advantages for ambitious young people of that part of St. Louis were then limited to those offered at Oak Hill School on Tholozan avenue, and that young women had also to defy rules laid down by men who were opposed to women holding positions in



MRS. FANNIE WADE GUTGESELL

First woman principal of Oak Hill School and first principal of Horace Mann School.

public places, the fact is still more remarkable that Fannie Wade not only over-ruled objections by passing a rigid examination which enabled her to become the first woman principal of Oak Hill School, but, even before resigning that position, became the first principal of the Horace Mann School at Oak Hill and Juniata avenues.

It was in 1896 that Fannie Wade began her work as principal of Oak Hill School, holding that position until 1902, when she devoted her full time as principal of Horace Mann School. This position Fannie Wade held for more than a decade, and her name is connected with the history of that school as one who helped in starting a new school in the former coal diggings when Oak Hill School became so over-crowded that it was necessary to build another school to hold the overflow of children.

From the days when Horace Mann School classes were held in one room of the old Russell homestead until the large brick school was built at Oak Hill and Juniata, Fannie Wade played an important part in supervising and organizing the work of getting the branch of Oak Hill School, as the new school was first named, started. As a woman principal of early schools in her own home locality, Fannie Wade pioneered in that field of endeavor.

Travel and horseback riding were but two of the varied interests in Fannie Wade's life as a young woman. She kept a spirited horse which she drove to school as well as rode during her spare time. Traveling in England, she was especially impressed by the Ann Hathaway Garden because it made her think of the beautiful Hazeldine garden in the coal diggings neighborhood in St. Louis. It was Fannie Wade who called the Hazeldine garden a regular Ann Hathaway Garden.

Though she has enjoyed experiences in far lands and cherishes memories of beautiful scenes abroad, Fannie Wade, who eventually became the wife of Edward Gutgesell, has continued to make her home in the house where her childhood days were spent, in the largest of the three houses which she owns in the 4200 block of Meramec street in St. Louis. Without destroying the atmosphere of former years in her childhood home, Mrs. Gutgesell has made improvements there while keeping the house much as her mother, Magot Wade, kept it in years gone by.

Many memories of her mother's as well as her own of the past are recalled with pleasure by Mrs. Gutgesell. The memories passed on to her by her mother include the years when coal and fire clay were mined in the diggings area, and the place was a delightful community center where the English, Scotch, Irish and Welsh gave it a spiritual atmosphere. There was an aesthetic something about those early settlers who made themselves remembered through several generations by their kindness and consideration of one another. They were generous to a fault, lovers of homes and gardens, unashamed to labor with their own hands for the things which seemed most desirable to them—lovely orchards, flowering shrubs, beautiful shade trees, and old-fashioned flower and vegetable gardens around the homes they built.

Sorrow as well as pleasure was something to be shared among the early settlers of the coal diggings. When misfortune came to one of the

miners most of his fellow miners were willing and ready to give assistance. If the home of a miner burned or was wrecked by storm, the other miners chipped in with all the money they could spare to buy lumber to build another home for the unfortunate one, often a much better home than the one which had been lost. One such house still stands in the former coal digging locality, an example of the generosity of the miners of past years—the Thompson house at the corner of Morganford road and Chippewa street.

If the miners were generous to a fault, the same could be said of the women of their families. The women helped each other with household duties, with quilting, canning and preserving, the making of apple butter, consoled each other in times of illness and death, and they shared their small store of reading matter such as the old New York Ledger which was handed from family to family until worn to shreds.

There were women like "Ma Street" (Ella Street) who still lives on in the memory of other people of the former diggings, women who need no monuments erected in their memory while their deeds of kindness are still recalled and spoken of with love and tenderness. "Ma Street" lived in Reese's Lane, and she used to delight in taking Dr. Finley's place in going to the aid of the sick, often acting as unpaid nurse until the patient was well again.

Friendships among those early settlers were held almost sacred. It was not unusual for people who came to pay a short visit to remain for years afterward as members of the families they visited. Such was the case of Mrs. Jones, wife of Jones, the little prospector. Mrs. Jones, with her granddaughter, Edna Giles, daughter of Harriet and Edward (Ned) Giles, lived at the Wade home for years. Ned Giles was a coal miner, an occupation which he followed in Illinois after the coal ran out at the Gravois Diggings.

Jones, the little prospector, remembered for the amazing length of his watch chain and for his prospecting excursions for gold, was a familiar figure at the coal diggings in years gone by. Though he would be gone from his wife, whom the Wades called "Auntie," for long periods at a time in his search for gold, Auntie always welcomed him home, comforted him and patched his clothing in readiness for his next excursion away from her. Auntie's daughter, Harriet, mother of Edna Giles, was a frail young woman who died early in life.

On one well-remembered occasion, Fannie Wade, a small girl at the time, accompanied her mother and Harriet Giles on a shopping trip to a store called Bunte's, somewhere in the vicinity of the coal diggings, where Mrs. Wade traded occasionally. Fannie, curious to see what was behind the counter over which grown people looked with ease, climbed upon a tub of butter, her weight broke the lid of the tub and Fannie fell into the butter. In trying to save Fannie from the wrath of her mother, Harriet Giles tried to wipe the butter from Fannie's clothing and smeared butter over her own best dress which she was wearing at the time. Shortly after the episode of the butter, Harriet Giles died and was laid to rest in the butter-stained dress. Fannie vividly remembered her own keen emotions

as she watched her mother try to fold Harriet's dress so that the butter stains would not show as she lay in her coffin.

The Bingham plantation used to join the Wade property years ago, and the Wades were interested in watching the Binghams experiment in growing sweet potatoes, a crop which had not been grown as far north as Missouri until the Binghams introduced them to that part of St. Louis. The first sweet potato crop was planted right inside the Bingham land adjoining the Wade property. Through the years following their experiment, the Binghams realized a lot of money from their sweet potato crops.

The Bob Wandless Tavern was also near the Wade place. It was a bus terminal for horse-drawn busses running from the city of St. Louis to the coal diggings. Ulysses S. Grant, who became President of the United States, used to drive to the diggings from his farm along Gravois road with loads of cord wood and mining props to sell to the people of the diggings. It was his habit to stop at the Wandless Tavern to rest his horses before driving back to Hardscrabble, his farm, and to buy supplies and chat with the miners.

The road from St. Louis to the coal diggings was called Diggins Lane in those days when St. Louis was supplied with coal from the Gravois Coal Mines. That was years before coal was mined to any great extent in Illinois.

To Mrs. Gutgesell's knowledge, there was never but one attempt at violence among the coal miners of the Gravois Coal Diggings. On that occasion some of the miners had called a strike and boarded up the pits of the Russell mines, trapping some of the miners still working in the pits. Because she was known to have the temerity to lead and to command, if necessary, that justice be done, Margot Wade was called upon by women of the coal diggings to go to the scene of threatened disaster to reason with the angry miners who had trapped their fellow miners in the coal pits.

In addition to having courage to lead, Margot Wade must have been endowed with unusual understanding of human nature. She wasted no time in futile pleading or reprimanding, she merely looked searchingly at the angry miners until she decided upon a course of action. Without wasting words, Margot Wade raised her hand and beckoned with one finger, silently indicating that the trapped miners be released before they suffocated. Several of the miners stepped forward to obey that silent command, others looked at each other doubtfully at first, but followed to help in removing the boards from the pits, and in a short while the men in the pits were released. It was then that Margot Wade spoke:

"Now, go home, all of you, and think of what you and your families have been spared this day."

One of the most laudable traits of the coal miners was their complete dependability, and their faithfulness to their work. Though they worked long, hard hours, they vied with each other in putting out extra amounts of work. Something more than the flickering glimmer of the pit lamps worn on their coal-blackened pit caps brightened the way for those miners of the Old Gravois Coal Diggings—memories of poverty-stricken conditions which some of them had endured in the old countries where their



Front view of Wade house when viaduct was being built—4200 Meramec St.

opportunities had been few, and more assured prospects of better living conditions in the land of their adoption. Out of sheer gratitude those men put forth their best efforts, and many of them won out through their thrift and desire for greater progress for themselves and generations to follow.

Beck was the name of the man who was made postmaster of the first post office of the coal diggings. Beck changed the name of the Gravois Coal Mines for awhile to Beckville, and he became owner of considerable property in that locality, built a large brick building at the corner of Morganford road and Beck avenue and had Beck avenue named after him.

Beck is remembered as being rotund and stocky in build, wearing a skull cap, spectacles, and black velvet slippers, and smoking a large, picturesque pipe of the curved-stem, big bowl type which rested on the chest of the smoker. When Fannie Wade, among other children from Oak Hill School, trooped into Beck's post office in the evening to ask for mail, Beck never failed to indulgently make a thorough inspection of all the pigeon holes where mail was kept, just to content the children, even when he knew there was no mail for them.

Beck would shuffle smilingly into the post office in his black velvet slippers and faithfully go through the little ceremony of searching for possible mail, especially mail from the old countries, for the parents of the children. However, when no letters were forthcoming, at least two pieces of mail could be expected each week—Frank Leslie's Boys' and Girls' Weekly containing the Jack Harkaway stories which were an inspiration to young people, and the New York Ledger containing the romantic story of Gwendolyn, a story eagerly awaited by Mrs. Wade and Aunt Emily Jones.

Remembering the Christys, who were in the dry goods business before they began mining coal and fire clay on their estate, the elder Mr. Christy is recalled as being a bent old Englishman with sideburns. The Christy home was then just their summer home before Mr. Christy quit the dry goods business and devoted his time to the mining of coal and



View of kitchen in the Wade house showing dough board. The lantern is from the Lincoln home.

fireproofing of fire clay on his land. The Christy greenhouse is recalled with pleasure because the Christys generously invited the people of the diggings there to see the flowers, especially a plant of the night-flowering variety when it was in bloom.

The resting place of Tholozan, the Frenchman for whom Tholozan avenue is named, used to inspire fear in the heart of Fannie Wade

Gutgesell as a child when she was sent on an errand and had to pass that way in the evening. The little burying ground was surrounded by a white picket fence there "in the forest," a lonely spot just north of Chippewa street where it now crosses Gravois road. The name, Tholozan, is seldom given the correct pronunciation. The accent should be on the last syllable, which gives the name a more musical sound.

Even as a child her loyalty to the United States was a dominant force in the life of Fannie Wade Gutgesell. A toast occasionally given by her father, Shadrach Wade, was, much to his amusement, resented by her because she misinterpreted it as meaning harm to her beloved land. Standing on the stairs in the hall in the Wade home, Shadrach Wade would give his toast, holding his glass high, with huge enjoyment over his small daughter's indignation, and her loyal defense of the country of his adoption:

*"May the Eagle of Liberty
Fly all over the world,
Drop a feather on every Nation,
But let the downfall be for America."*

The Hays are remembered as among the early settlers of the Gravois Coal Diggings. Elias Hay died several years ago, and his sister, Margaret (Maggie) Hay, former kindergarten teacher at Peabody School in St. Louis, died in October of 1948.

Morath, presumably a Swiss, was an old watch maker, or clock maker, who once occupied the old Bingham homestead.

Mrs. Woodruff, the widowed storekeeper of the diggings, used to send generous samples of cheese home to her customers so that, after tasting the cheese, they would be satisfied with their purchase of that article of food.

The Reeses lived in the location once known as The Field, about where Humphrey street now runs through the former coal diggings. Their lane was called Reese's Lane when most of the thoroughfares were known as lanes before streets were made in that locality. During the years prior to 1906, and for some years afterward, the Reeses kept a butcher shop and grocery store along Morganford road just north of the bridge over the Missouri Pacific Railroad.

It was Mrs. Lumm who used to supply the people of the diggings with yeast which she sold in sponge form, keeping account of each purchase of sponge by a series of the numeral 1 marked on a tally near the kitchen door—one penny charged for each purchase of the sponge yeast which the customer carried home in a pitcher taken along for that purpose.

Henry Shaw, who made a fortune in the manufacture of nails, and who donated the land now known as Tower Grove Park to the city of St. Louis, knew that the place was richly underlaid with coal. Not wanting the beauty of that location marred by mining operations, Henry Shaw would never permit the mining of coal there. His dream became a reality, for the place was a beautiful park which could be enjoyed by future generations. A young man by the name of Gurney, who had been an

assistant in Kent Gardens in England, played a large part in landscaping Tower Grove Park.

The Wade home where Fannie Wade Gutgesell still resides is typical of the better class of homes built by the early settlers of the coal diggings. The basement rooms of the house have been kept much as Margot Wade kept them, with a wood heating stove, quaint walnut cupboards, the dough board, the kitchen table with the red-and-white-checked table cloth, the old-fashioned rocker near the door which leads to the spacious rear garden where there are fruit trees, beds for flowers and vegetables, a smooth lawn, and high hedge of orange blossom shrub. A flight of narrow steps with a little landing half-way up leads from the basement kitchen to the hall above, and a copper kettle on the window sill in the kitchen is reflected in the darkly-stained, highly-polished kitchen floor.

Mirth-provoking occasions as well as others of more sober trend are recalled in connection with the years Fannie Wade Gutgesell spent as first woman principal of Oak Hill School. In her desk she keeps a pencil about eighteen inches long and nearly an inch thick—a pencil which, when shown to visitors, brings to mind an amusing incident of her Oak Hill School years. An unsuspected sense of humor is sometimes hidden beneath a manner which, of necessity, in some cases, must be stern in order to preserve the fine line of balance of discipline. Among the pupils of every school there is need for the iron hand unsoftened by the velvet glove. Culprits, separating themselves from a group merely because the summons of a beckoning finger seems to point *them* out, should never suspect that their judge simply acted on impulse, and had not the slightest idea which child before her was guilty of offense.

Pupils who were careless about using and losing their pencils at Oak Hill School felt that they had unlimited license to draw upon the supply the principal kept sharpened and convenient for their use. One unusually careless pupil always approached the principal with the plaint: "I ain't got no pencil," until the patience of the principal was worn threadbare. Opening a drawer of her desk one day she produced the 18-inch long, inch-thick pencil and handed it to the careless pupil, telling him that it was the only one she had available for his use.

Amusement at his expense broke out among the other pupils like a contagious rash as the careless one carried the cumbersome pencil back to his desk and attempted to write with it. The lesson was a lasting one for that pupil, and the principal was no longer annoyed by the plaint: "I ain't got no pencil."

Chapter 14

THE HORACE MANN SCHOOL

A man by the name of Nephi Moyle, whose home was on Hartford street on land which had once been part of the James Russell Estate, got up a petition to start a new school when Oak Hill School became overcrowded back in the late 1890s.

The new school was at first called a branch of the Oak Hill School. Starting in one room of the old Russell homestead, the new school grew rapidly to four rented rooms in that building. It was during those years that Fannie Wade began dividing her time between the new school and Oak Hill School.

About April of 1900 the new portable school consisting of four small frame buildings, and still operating under the name "Branch of the Oak Hill School," was dedicated in the location which was eventually to be the permanent place for the fine brick school at 4047 Juniata street.

The new school had grown until there was no longer room for the children in the old Russell homestead. The four, small portable frame buildings replacing the quarters in the Russell place were heated by stoves, and were just temporary classrooms with temporary equipment until the new brick school was completed.

In February of 1902 the new school was ready to receive the ever-increasing number of pupils, and the name, "Branch of the Oak Hill School," was changed to Horace Mann School. The neighborhood, being more progressive than that of the Oak Hill School on Tholozan avenue, built up rapidly with more modern type of dwellings after the building of the new school. The new school was the second public school to be erected on land which was formerly the James Russell plantation.

Miss Anna Elizabeth Moyle, daughter of Nephi Moyle, still resides in the Moyle home at 4048 Hartford street, directly behind the Mann School in which her father played an important part years ago. Miss Moyle remembers the group of men who arrived in three carriages to select the site of the Mann School and to discuss the new school project, though she was a very small girl at the time.

Miss Moyle's mother and aunt used to prepare the picnic lunches for the teachers of the new school, and one of the Snelling moving vans was used in hauling the picnic baskets to the picnic grounds.

While Nephi Moyle was president of the Improvement Association of Oak Hill about 1898, the men of that association gathered together on Sundays to lay board walks to keep the children from walking in the mud on their way to Mann School. There were no sidewalks in that locality in those days, and pathways were ankle-deep in mud in wintertime when there was freezing and thawing weather.

Nephi Moyle was the first Grand Marshal of the Mann School, and a

man by the name of Elmer Lacy was among the first to serve on the school board. Among other men who took active parts in affairs of the school were Dr. Harry Upshaw, Mr. Bruce, Mr. German, John Kimmerlin, William Fritche, William Liescher, and Nick Thomas.

Von Schroeder and Stevens were the names of two of the early teachers of the school, and Miss Fannie Wade, the principal, used to drive to school in a buggy.

Nephi Moyle was born in England, near the River Moyle. After his death his wife, Mary Moyle, resided in the Moyle home on Hartford street until her death, which occurred August 28, 1950, in her 91st year.

Chapter 15

HISTORY OF ST. JOHN'S EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN CHURCH Chippewa Street and Morganford Road, St. Louis, Missouri 1865 - 1940

Since 1865, three quarters of a century ago, St. John's Evangelical Lutheran Church has held aloft the light of Lutheran doctrine in the community around its home at Morganford road and Chippewa street. In that historic period, just at the close of the Civil War, this district was comparatively open country, with ponds and wooded acres making it a popular fishing and hunting grounds. Morganford road, then called by the German settlers "The Old Winding Lane," and Gravois road, muddy and deeply rutted, were the principal arteries of communication with the city. Homes were few and far apart. Aside from working small farms and truck gardens, most of the early residents earned their living in coal mines which gave the district the name of Miners' Town.

It was on July 4, 1865, that the Lutheran Young People's Society of St. Louis gathered in a grove (Bamberger's Grove) near Gravois and Gustine avenues to celebrate the anniversary of its organization. A number of young people with their elders from the Morganford road and Chippewa locality attended the festivities. Deeply impressed by addresses delivered by students from Concordia Seminary, Jefferson Avenue, they petitioned the faculty of the Seminary to provide the German Lutheran families in what the German settlers called "Miners' Town" with a minister and preaching services. The request was cheerfully granted and Prof. A. Craemer was invited by Dr. Walther to serve the new flock.

Dr. Craemer accepted the invitation and so became the first pastor of the new congregation which was then organized with eight charter members in July of 1865. The first congregation worshiped in the frame building at Morganford road and Tholozan avenue. (This was the building in which the Holy Innocents Episcopal Church made its home for many years, and which served numerous other denominations.)

This arrangement continued for about four years when, due to increase in membership, the congregation resolved to erect its own church. Subsequently, one half acre of ground, where the church now stands, was purchased for \$250.00. Here a small frame building was erected and dedicated on September 20, 1868. The upper floor was used for worship and the lower floor arranged for a parochial school.

The old frame church served well until 1884, a period of sixteen years. In the meantime, the congregation had grown much larger in numbers and a new and more roomy church became a dire necessity. A



The Present Church and Parsonage — 1940

resolution to erect a new edifice was adopted and the old building moved to new quarters.

Construction on the new church was immediately begun and the cornerstone laid in the month of July. Soon the 23rd day of November dawned, in the year of 1884, the day of gladness when the new church was to be dedicated.

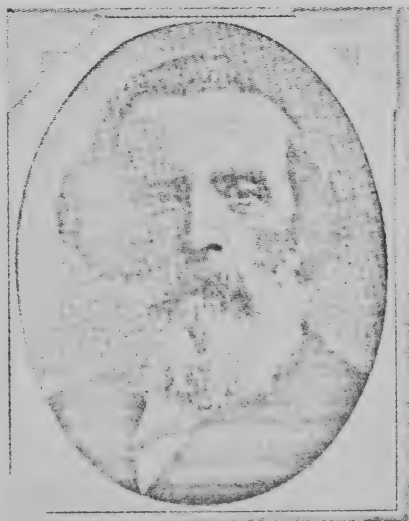
The day was extremely cold, and very unfavorable, the dirt roads nearly impassable; yet members and friends gathered for the dedicatory services. The total cost, including the furnishing of the church by the Ladies' Aid, passed the \$6,000.00 mark.

Time flies swiftly, the years bring many changes. October 6th of the year 1940 arrived and the members of St. John's Evangelical Lutheran Church at Morganford road and Chippewa street in the former coal mining locality of St. Louis gathered to celebrate another anniversary—the 75th of their congregation. A long procession of men, women and children formed in front of the church of so many memories. They were there to thank God, to rededicate themselves to Him, their King, to vow loyalty and faithfulness to their Savior, Jesus Christ, and to the church of the open Bible. They were there to express their gratitude, not only in words but also in deeds. Words must be followed by works. The test of their gratitude was seen in what they did for Christ and the interest they took in His Kingdom. The rapidly growing membership of the church was in need of a still larger building, and plans were made carefully and prayerfully for the future while asking God's blessing on those plans.

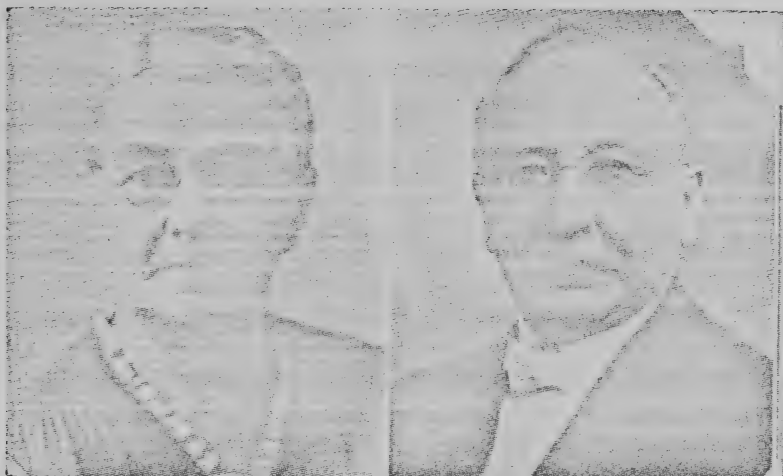
THE CHRISTIAN MINISTRY

PROF. CRAEMER

The congregation of St. John's Lutheran Church at Morganford road and Chippewa street had an age of seventy-five years in 1940, and yet but four pastors had served during that entire period. The first shepherd was Prof. Craemer, one of the grand old men in the early history of the Synod. He had been identified with the so-called practical seminary in Fort Wayne, Indiana, and under his direction it was moved to St. Louis and united with the St. Louis Seminary. It was in July, 1865 that Prof. Craemer began his work in the St. John's Evangelical Lutheran Church community, yet remaining active in the seminary on Jefferson avenue. For



PROF. A. CRAEMER
Organizer and First Pastor

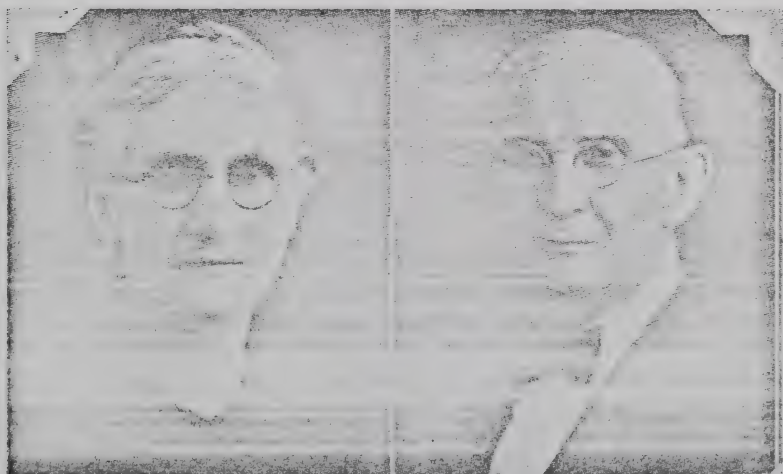


Pastor and Mrs. H. Bartels

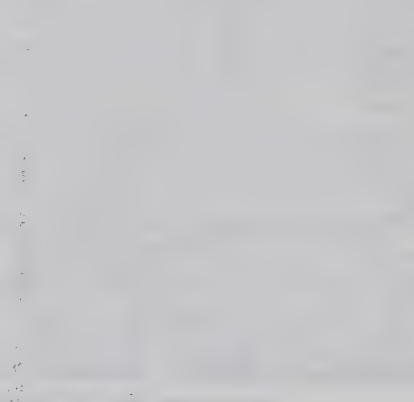
ten years he shepherded the new congregation in Miners' Town, severing his relationship in the year 1875, when he was called to Concordia Seminary in Springfield, Illinois.

PASTOR HERMAN BARTELS, SR.

The first resident pastor was one who devoted his entire time to the growing St. John's Congregation. He was none other than the well-known Pastor Herman Bartels, Sr. At the time of the vacancy at St. John's, which, of course, was of short duration, candidate H. Bartels of Concordia Seminary was called to succeed Prof. Craemer in the congregation. Pastor Bartels was born in Hanover, Germany, March 7th, 1851, and there attended schools up to his eighteenth year, when he came with an emigrating colony to Perry County, Missouri. Soon afterward he



Mr. and Mrs. C. Paul



The following table shows the results of the experiments conducted on the various specimens of the material under investigation. The data is presented in a tabular format, with columns for the specimen number, the test conditions, and the resulting values. The table is organized into two main sections, each containing several rows of data. The first section appears to be related to the initial tests, while the second section shows the results of more detailed or repeated experiments. The data points are represented by numbers and some symbols, which are difficult to read due to the low contrast of the image.



entered Concordia Seminary and was graduated in the summer of 1875. Candidate Bartels accepted the call on August 1, 1875 and entered upon his long pastorate, being installed by his predecessor. He served long, he served well, and will long be remembered by those who knew him and were benefited by his services. He holds a unique record. St. John's was his first charge, it was his last charge. He served no other congregation during his entire ministry, covering a period of fifty-five years. On September 27, 1930 he preached his last sermon from the pulpit he had occupied so long. Just twenty-two days later the Lord of the Church called this faithful servant and shepherd out of the church militant into the Church Triumphant.

PASTOR F. RUPPRECHT

Until 1921, practically all services at St. John's were conducted in the German language. The congregation then resolved to begin work in the English and so an assistant to Pastor Bartels was called. Candidate F. Rupprecht, who had just completed his studies at Concordia Seminary was tendered a call. This call was accepted and he was duly installed. His ministry was brief. Shortly after an outing with the young people of the church, in whom he was deeply interested, he was stricken with a fatal disease. On June 1st, 1925, the Lord called this young shepherd out of the vineyard unto himself in Heaven.

PASTOR PAUL H. HANSEN

Only three pastors had served the congregation when the present shepherd of the flock of St. John's was called to succeed Pastor F. Rupprecht. Pastor Paul H. Hansen was graduated from Concordia Seminary in 1914, and then served a congregation in Texas for three years, and another in Illinois for eight years. He was installed in St. John's on September 5th, 1925.

THE PAROCHIAL SCHOOL

The fathers believed in the Christian training and education of their children. In the years past, whenever a congregation was organized a parochial school was also established. It was nearly impossible to divorce the one institution from the other. The builders of St. John's congregation in 1865 gave much thought and study to the then existing school problem. The district school, operated by the state, had failed to function properly. Vacancies occurred so frequently that this particular school found it necessary to close its doors for months at a time. (The district school referred to was probably the one-room log school, the first Oak Hill School on Oak Hill).

Finally, the congregation took action. Mr. Paul Gayer was called to create this provision: He was to serve the district English school and also care for the German children of the church. Thus it was necessary to train better than 75% of the children in the English not affiliated with the congregation and others in German, coming from the homes of the church members. This arrangement called forth confusion and criticism. A certain Protestant clergyman objected to the method of procedure. The result was that a certain judge handed down the decree that religion dare

not be taught in the district school. The teacher solved this problem to a certain extent. After school hours all children of the church were transferred to his home and there were taught God's Word and Luther's doctrine.

These problems, however, were a blessing to the growing church. It inspired the members to plan the erection of their own church and school. The dedication of this first building combining both school and church took place on September 28th, 1868. For many years this institution was employed and served the purpose well. With the growth of the church the need of a new school became a necessity. In 1905 the brick school was erected which served the congregation for thirty-five years. (This was counting from 1905 to 1940). In 1940 the school was fully accredited as being an eighth-grade school.

The following two pastors and many teachers have served the school: Mr. Paul Gayer, 1865; Mr. W. Holtman, 1873-1875; Pastor H. Bartels, 1875-1882; Mr. Christian Paul, 1882-1932 (50 years); Mr. S. Deffner, 1891-1898; Mr. F. Pieske, 1898-1921; Pastor F. Rupprecht, 1921-1925; Miss Frieda Moritz; Miss Caroline Butterbrodt; Miss Agnes Bartles; Miss Anna Gumz; Miss Paula Meyer; Miss Anna Schaeperkoetter; Miss Edith Erck; and the school faculty of 1940: Mr. L. J. Dierker, Principal, Mr. Carl F. Wisch, and Miss Dorothy Lobeck.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

St. John's Sunday School was established in 1921. Among those who taught in the Sunday School were Mrs. Paul Hansen, wife of Pastor Paul Hansen, and daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Christian Paul. Pastor and Mrs. Hansen occupy the former Christian Paul residence at 3827 Morganford road, near St. John's Church.

Other Sunday School teachers at St. John's included people who bore names of early German settlers of the former coal diggings—E. Koenig, Henry Paul, Ray Paul, Audrey Paul, Minnie Gockel, and Dorothy Hoffman.

THE PARISH HOUSE

In 1928 religious activities necessitated additional room so the Parish Hall was built at a cost of \$55,000.00. This building has one of the largest auditoriums of its kind in the city, seating 1100. It is used as a gymnasium, for the presentation of plays and entertainments, and houses the Sunday School classes. In the basement is a spacious dining room, kitchen, and four bowling alleys. The cornerstone was laid October 23rd, 1927, and on March 11, 1928, the dedication took place in the presence of more than 1000 people.

THE MALE CHOIR AND MIXED CHOIR

The organization of the Male Choir dates back to an early period of the congregation. On December 31, 1891, the Mixed Choir was called into life.

THE LADIES' AID

The Ladies' Aid in St. John's congregation was organized March 14th, 1896. During the first year fifty members were gained and this number has so increased in the course of time that 133 were enrolled by 1940. Of the original number the following were still in membership with the Aid in 1940: Mrs. F. Bartels, Mrs. Christian Paul, Mrs. Anna Paul, Mrs. W. Bay, Mrs. H. Scherer, Mrs. C. Scherer, Mrs. H. Sieveking, Mrs. M. Horn, and Mrs. Daude.

THE QUILTING SOCIETY

This active society was organized in the year 1918.

The Men's Club, the Youth of the Church, Young Ladies' Society, the Usher's Staff, and Jubilee Services all have mention in the 75th Anniversary Brochure of St. John's Evangelical Lutheran Church.

Church statistics as given for the year 1940 are as follows: Official acts over a period of seventy-five years:

Baptisms	2,020
Confirmed	1,450
Marriages	585
Burials	650
Communicant Membership	890

Dedication or Unlocking services of the third St. John's Church at Morganford road and Chippewa street took place on Sunday morning, October 30th, 1949. The church, a building of stone, was constructed at a cost of \$260,000 and seats 550 persons. The present pastor, Rev. Paul Hansen, is one of the four pastors who have served the church in its 88-year history.

The widow of Pastor Bartels, who is now said to be the oldest living resident of the former coal mining locality of St. Louis, was born November 30th, 1858, in New Haven, Missouri. She was married to Pastor Bartels in the year 1876, when she was seventeen years old. She is the mother of eleven children, seven of them still living. After the death of her husband, Mrs. Bartels made her home with one and another of her children before becoming a resident of the Lutheran Convalescent Home on Taft avenue, formerly the old Christy mansion on the Christy estate.

Chapter 16

"THE ALLEY"

OLDEST SETTLEMENT OF THE COAL MINERS OF THE GRAVOIS COAL DIGGINGS, ST. LOUIS

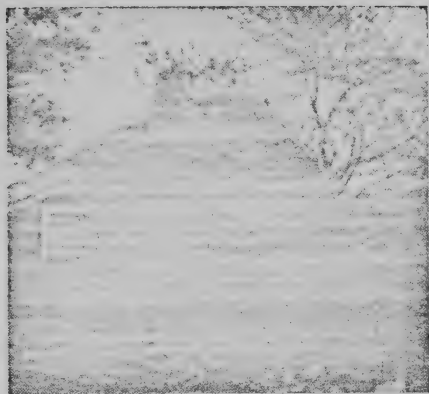
THE ALLEY is the oldest settlement of the coal and fire clay miners of the former Gravois Coal Diggings, Just a short thoroughfare between Beck avenue on the north, Chippewa street on the south, Morganford road on the east and Kingshighway on the west. The Alley does not run through to either Morganford road or Kingshighway. For many years the only entrance except short cuts across lots, was a narrow, unpaved alley on the Chippewa street side, just west of Morganford road, a dusty alley in summer, a muddy one in winter, only wide enough to allow pedestrian or one vehicle traffic leading to the Alley proper. This narrow alley is still there, still unpaved, and scarcely noticed by the casual observer in passing.

One side of the Alley is called Chippewa Rear, the other side, Beck avenue Rear. In this Alley, in years gone by, lived the Hazeldines on their four acres of land. The Hazeldine homestead was still standing in the Alley as late as the 1940s, when it was reported to have burned to the ground.

Other residents of the Alley years ago were the Holts, Chareltons, McCormacks, Noelties, Halls, Hortons, Grahams, Plants, Ayers, Armstrongs, Blaikies, Craigs, Scotts, and others whose names have been forgotten. In later years when the Hazeldines died and their beautiful gardenland passed into other hands and lots were sold and new owners took possession, the Kendalls, Rains, Roberts, Mayors, Horns, Groetokes, Ulrichs, Gilsons, Schimichs, Storms, Stockwells, Wolters, Rhynerts and others either became owners or tenants of houses built in the Alley.

As late as the early 1900s sink holes and coal pit banks were in evidence in the Alley area, and in Christy's woods on the opposite side along Chippewa street, not far from the old turnstile entering the Christy woods. The northwest corner of the Ted Hall acre in the Alley, and the front part of the Holt property adjoining the Hall acre, were unfit for cultivating because of the coal pit banks left from the coal diggings. The north side of the Hall acre, along Beck avenue, was called "The Prairie," a left-over name from the years when all of the land in that area was part of Prairie des Noyers.

Surprisingly few changes took place in the Alley until about the year 1948, when the land which used to belong to the Halls and the Hortons was graded and houses were built there. Most of the old houses in the Alley had been kept in fairly good state of repair, and some were modernized to a certain extent. Only two of the houses retain something of the atmosphere when the miners who built them worked in the Russell or



House built by a coal miner in The Alley—Beck avenue rear—more than a century ago.



The old Holt house in The Alley—Beck avenue rear. This house is more than a century old.

Christy coal and fire clay mines. But even though they are weather-beaten and almost in a state of decay, they are picturesque with their fruit trees near the mellowed-by-time walls and roofs, and the little gardens of vegetables and flowers.

To one who knows the history of the Alley, it is not difficult to recall memories of miners in pit-stained clothing, and clumsy brogans, of the one-buckle type, and blackened pit lamps on visored pit caps, taking the short cut across the Hall's acre of land to reach their homes along the west end of the Alley. Nor is it difficult to recall memories of women with tired backs bent over wash tubs, rubbing the soil out of grimy pit clothes of the men of their households. When fire clay mining replaced mining of coal, those pit garments became so caked with clay and perspiration that they stood alone. But supper odors, meat frying, roasting or boiling, potatoes frying, the aroma of coffee, perhaps the enticing fragrance of new-made bread or ginger cake made the evening hour when work-weary men and women rested from the strenuous labor of the day, a time of contentment.

In summer, after-supper recreation for both husbands and wives was little garden chores, the men with the vegetables, the women with the flowers in their own gardens, or strolling in the gardens of neighbors. And there were chickens to feed and put to roost, and sometimes a cow or pigs needing attention. In winter there were family gatherings around the



The Joe Rain house facing The Alley—Beck avenue rear.

coal oil lamps in the low-ceilinged kitchens which were heated by old-fashioned cook stoves. Pleasures were simple, for the people of the Alley were home-keeping people with interests centered chiefly in home.

And so it is that those remaining houses built by the miners of years ago recall the past when their first owners worked long, hard hours underground to earn for themselves and their families the daily necessities of life. Boys still not in their 'teens often worked with their fathers in the pits, taking their share of responsibilities even before reaching man's estate.

Chapter 17

EARLY SETTLERS AND DESCENDANTS OF EARLY SETTLERS OF THE OLD GRAVOIS COAL DIGGINGS

THE JAMIESONS

Jamieson has been a familiar name in the former coal digging area of St. Louis for more than a century. Some of the descendants of the three Jamieson brothers, James, Andrew and William, who came from Scotland in 1852, still reside in or near the former coal diggings where the brothers first settled.

James Jamieson was the village blacksmith who operated the first blacksmith shop owned by the Parker-Russell Company. He and his family lived in a house, no longer standing, opposite the Parker-Russell factory along Morganford road, a little home which had to go before the march of progress when George Ward Parker Sr., who was then president of the Council, decided to have the Oak Hill Railroad spur built, a railroad which served the Christy Fire Clay Factory as well as that of the Parker-Russells.

Two of James Jamieson's sons, William, and D. Harry Jamieson, used to enjoy talking over William's early recollections of the coal diggings before William's death in February of 1952 after a short illness. D. Harry Jamieson was named after David Henry Mears, one of the early teachers of the one-room Oak Hill School on Oak Hill. Since William Jamieson's death, D. Harry Jamieson, who is an architect, and his sister, Mrs. M. B. (Annie Jamieson) Gordon, are now the only two left of twelve children born to James Jamieson and his wife.

One of William Jamieson's teachers in the one-room Oak Hill School on Oak Hill was Vash Parkinson, another teacher was the elderly David Henry Mears, who used to sit with his feet on his desk and expectorate tobacco juice, never missing a coal bucket next to the stove, ten feet away.

James Jamieson was the owner of Jamieson-French Clay Company which supplied fire clay to pottery makers in Pittsburgh and other places. The company sold out to Evans-Howard, and Jamieson retired to his homestead at 6820 Scanlon avenue, to a tract of land near his clay pits, land which was a part of an old Spanish Land Grant.

Jamieson avenue in St. Louis is named after the Jamiesons who settled in the Scanlon and Jamieson avenues area. D. Harry Jamieson still makes his home near the place where his father, James Jamieson, settled after leaving the former coal diggings locality.

The Jamieson clan, like the Russell clan of the former coal diggings, is a large one. Archie Palmer Gordon, son of Mrs. M. B. (Annie Jamieson) Gordon, and grandson of James Jamieson, is but one of the Jamieson clan. Mr. Gordon has been for a number of years a representative of the National Chemical and Manufacturing Co. of Chicago. He makes his home in the La Veta avenue locality where his mother resides.

William Jamieson resided with a daughter at Westminster Place until his death. But Jamiesons still reside in the Jamieson and Scanlon avenues locality where much of the original tract of land settled by James Jamieson still belongs to his heirs.

William and Andrew, brothers of James Jamieson, worked for the Christys and the Parker-Russells—William acting as overseer on the Christy plantation, his first position after moving to St. Louis, and Andrew doing gardening between the Christy place and the Parker-Russell estate.

It was when William, who had worked in the King's garden in England, was overseer on the Christy plantation that, in supervising the digging of a well, he discovered fire clay. William took a sample of the clay to Mr. Christy and they sent it to Pittsburgh for analysis. They received a report that it was a sample of the finest fire clay ever analyzed. William Jamieson told Mr. Christy that he could make big money by mining of fire clay. This is believed to have been the beginning of the Christy Fire Clay Company.

William and Andrew at that time lived in two houses at the entrance gate of Christy's Park. Andrew's twin daughters, Nan and Kate, born about 1863, were small girls at that time, and they used to delight in running to open the gate when Mr. Christy drove up in his carriage. For the service given him by the twin girls, Mr. Christy used to give each one five cents.

Andrew Jamieson eventually built a brick house at 3719 Garnier street, a quiet neighborhood between Meramec street and Beck avenue, in the old coal digging area. Miss Nan, one of Andrew Jamieson's twin daughters, resided in that comfortable home built by her father until her death in 1949. Her twin sister, Mrs. Catherine (Kate) Lancaster, still resides at 6571 Bradley avenue. The twin sisters were born on the Switzer place near Grand avenue when coal was still being mined and was the chief industry of that part of St. Louis. As an example of the manner in which descendants of early settlers of that area put down roots, Miss Nan resided in the Jamieson home on Garnier street for 58 of her 86 years, and Mrs. Lancaster has resided in her home on Bradley avenue for 56 years. The twins celebrated their 85th birthday in 1948, the year before Miss Nan died. Miss Nan had never known illness until she fractured her leg in her 81st year. When she was 83 she fell and suffered a fracture of that same leg.

Miss Nan enjoyed recalling events of past years, and liked to chat about others of her own generation—about Leah Marshall marrying Nick Kendall, Mary Kendall marrying Bill Twist, Ellen Kendall marrying one of the Gutgesells, and Ellie Hawkins marrying John Medley, all familiar names of early settlers of the old coal diggings.

Between the pages of her Bible, Miss Nan kept a newspaper clipping showing a picture of the Oak Hill School on Tholozan avenue as it looked when she was a school girl there. Miss Nan and her sister Kate were two of the pupils shown in the picture.

Mrs. Margaret Wrisberg, younger sister of Miss Nan and Mrs. Lan-

caster, also a resident of the Jamieson home on Carnier street, took care of Miss Nan during her final illness.

THE WIDOW POWERS

The mere mention of the name of the Widow Powers in the presence of some descendants of early settlers of the old coal diggings is enough to bring an expression of tenderness almost amounting to reverence to the faces of those who knew her, or those whose parents knew and loved her—Mrs. Powers, a little woman whose courage had been an inspiration to others.

The husband of Mrs. Powers had been employed on the Christy estate. He was killed while moving his family and household possessions to a new home along Morganford road. The team hitched to the moving wagon had started up suddenly, throwing Mr. Powers, who had been standing on the back of the wagon, off balance, and he fell, breaking his back, dying almost instantly. His widow, grief-stricken, continued the moving and established her small children in the new home.

With the work of her hands which, in later years, people who admired her remembered as being fearfully gnarled and misshapen from hard labor, the Widow Powers reared her children to manhood and womanhood. In addition to laboring long, hard hours for her loved ones, Mrs. Powers found time for numerous deeds of kindness and charity to others which are still remembered and make the widow endeared to memory.

MISS LUCILLA HENSHAW, ORGANIST

Miss Lucilla Henshaw, still residing with her sister Mary in the house built by their father, Cyrus Henshaw, in the former coal mining locality, along Morganford road, was organist in the Holy Innocents Episcopal Church at Morganford road and Tholozan avenue for thirty-three years—from 1901 to 1943.

Cyrus Henshaw was born in England and came to the United States when just a small boy. He died in St. Louis in 1919 at the age of 69 years. He had been a miner in the Parker-Russell Mines. His son, Cyrus, no longer living, was for a time delivery man at the Parker-Russell Company Store.

Miss Lucilla Henshaw's first music teacher was Mr. Christian Paul, who was organist at St. John's Lutheran Church at Morganford road and Chippewa street. She also studied music at the St. Louis Conservatory of Music.

WILL CARPENTER, MINER

Will Carpenter, former miner, born October 27th, 1876, at Morganford road and Osceola street in the former coal digging area, is the son of the late John and Elizabeth Carpenter, who came from England to become early settlers of the Old Gravois Coal Diggings of St. Louis.

John Carpenter was born in England about the year 1843, and died in St. Louis at the age of 83, March 21, 1929. He and his wife, Elizabeth, still remembered with affection by descendants of other early settlers of the diggings, came to the United States with the intention of journeying

on to the gold mines of California. However, like many of their contemporaries of those days of rugged pioneering, their money ran out when they reached St. Louis and they stopped in the coal diggings to make new plans which never materialized, for they eventually established their family in that locality to be remembered as early settlers of the place. On their way to St. Louis with their small children, they came over the Lake Erie Road during the Chicago Fire and saw that city as a smouldering ruins.

John Carpenter found work in the Christy Coal Mines in St. Louis when he displayed skill in mending a pulley chain for William James, who was the boss at that particular mine at Chippewa street and Morganford road, about the present location of St. John's Lutheran Church. When John Carpenter had the chain back on the pulley in about five minutes, he was immediately offered a job by William James.

After the coal supply ran out, John Carpenter worked in the Christy fire clay mines, and for a number of years the Carpenters lived in a house owned by the Christys, a house located west of Kingshighway, near a pond known as the Long Pond. The Carpenter home and the Long Pond were popular gathering places for people of the diggings, and the hospitality of the Carpenters and the good times had with them has been long remembered.

Among the Carpenter children were two sets of twins, Richard and Freddie, and Elizabeth and John. Other children of the Carpenters were Will, Ellie, Joe and Jen.

Will Carpenter began work in the Christy fire clay mines at the age of eleven years. He spent forty-five years as a miner working underground. A picture of him at work in one of the Christy fire clay mines appeared on the cover of an Illustrated Courier and Advance Souvenir of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, St. Louis, and the World's Fair, put out by Robert Allan Reid, publisher, year of 1904.

Mrs. Will Carpenter, the former Amanda Wolters, also a descendant of early settlers of the coal diggings, has resided in the Alley where her grandmother, Mrs. Rhynert, lived for seventy-one years. Mrs. Will Carpenter's parents were Mr. and Mrs. Fred Wolters. The Rhynert house facing the Alley, Chippewa rear is still owned by Rhynert-Wolters descendants. During the years before the Rhynerts became residents of the Alley they lived on the west side of Kingshighway, near Chippewa, where they did truck gardening.



The Rhynert-Wolters house facing The Alley (Chippewa rear) where Mrs. Rhynert resided for more than 70 years.

The lot on which the home of Mr. and Mrs. Carpenter stands was originally owned by Mr. and Mrs. Adam Graham, the house, 4409, faces Chippewa street, the back of the lot extending to the Alley and joining the Rhynert-Wolters lot on the east side.

ELIZABETH CARPENTER FLUETSCH

Elizabeth (Lizzie, "Birdie") Carpenter Fluetsch, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. John Carpenter, twin sister of John Jr., Carpenter, is a resident of Maplewood, Missouri. Nearly all of the men of Mrs. Fluetsch's family, and those who married into her family, were either miners or were connected in some manner with the mining industry. She has the distinction of being the daughter of a miner, sister of brothers who followed that occupation, wife of a man who is also in mine work, and sister-in-law of men who do work connected with mining.

Walter Fluetsch, husband of Elizabeth Carpenter Fluetsch, hauls fire clay from mines west of St. Louis, and his employer is George E. Thomas, former resident of the coal diggings where the Thomases used to live in a frame cottage not far from the Christy mansion.

Mrs. Fluetsch was born rather unceremoniously in a clothes closet where her mother had gone to get things to prepare her bed for her confinement before the arrival of the midwife, Mrs. Hazeldine, who delivered Mrs. Fluetsch's twin brother, John.

Mrs. Fluetsch has many and varied memories of the years she resided with her parents, brothers and sisters in the old coal digging neighborhood. Like most descendants of early settlers of that locality, she enjoys recalling events of those past years. Her memory of the St. Louis cyclone of 1896 includes a graphic one of her sister Jen's escape from drowning in the terrific downpour of rain, and from being blown away by the wind while returning from carrying lunch to her father and brothers in the Christy Fire Clay Mines. The cyclone broke in all its fury as Jen was crossing the open prairie between the mines and the Carpenter home along Kingshighway. Jen had presence of mind enough to throw herself down upon the prairie and dig her fingers into the sod.

The Long Pond near the Carpenter home was a place of delight for several generations of young people of the coal diggings. In the pond were lily pads, polliwogs and little fishes, all things to entice young people in all seasons of the year. In summertime they went boat riding on the pond. It was a good place for swimming, and equally good for skating parties in the wintertime—even accidental duckings when venturing too near the water to grab for lilies have been remembered as among the good things of childhood days.

Among people remembered by Mrs. Fluetsch is John Wood, who lived in a little shanty near one of the turnstiles entering the Christy estate, and checked the horses in the Christy pastureland.

THE STORMS

The late George Storm Sr., was a New Yorker by birth, and a nephew of the Deckers who owned the Decker Farm west of Kingshighway, land which is now known as Southampton. George Storm left New York to go

to the Decker Farm near the Gravois Coal Diggings to help his uncle, Mr. Decker, on the farm, and remained to make his home in that part of St. Louis.

In his young manhood, George Storm married Isabella Graham, daughter of Adam and Isabella Graham, early settlers of the diggings. Nine children were born to the Storms—John, George and Luke (both deceased), Amy (Mrs. Roy McDonald, now widowed), Metta (Mrs. Frank Heidel, also widowed), William, Benjamin, Charles, and Sarah (Mrs. W. B. Kelliher).

Mr. and Mrs. Storm died a few months apart in the 1930s in St. Louis.

Mrs. Roy (Amy Storm) McDonald's sponsor in baptism was Miss Julia Parker of the Parker-Russell family of Oak Hill. One of Mrs. McDonald's treasured possessions is a copy of "Alice in Wonderland" given to her by Miss Julia Parker. Also in Mrs. McDonald's possession is her grandfather, Adam Graham's, family seal brought by him from Scotland.

Mr. and Mrs. George Storm lived in the former coal diggings until a few years before they died, in the Westenfelt house on Beck avenue until it was partly destroyed by the St. Louis cyclone of 1896, causing them to move to the Ulrich two-family house on Beck avenue, where they resided for about twelve years. They moved from Beck avenue to a house at the corner of Gravois road and Osceola street. This house, with a round tower effect on the front, was built over part of an old coal pit on the Bingham plantation. It was while the Storm family lived in this house that Osceola street was widened and paved, about 1913-14. During the work of widening Osceola street, enough coal was unearthed at that point near the Storm home to give the family nearly a winter's supply of coal.

THE GILES FAMILY

Very little has been learned about the history of the Giles family of the early years of the coal digging area of St. Louis except that they came from England. John Giles was connected with the Snelling Coal Yard business on Gravois road near the Missouri Pacific Railroad in the diggings. Edward (Ned) Giles was a coal miner who went to Illinois to follow the coal mining occupation after coal mining ceased at the coal diggings of St. Louis.

After the death of his first wife, Harriet, Ned Giles married Mary Graham, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Adam Graham. Their children were John, George, Benjamin, James, Emie, Nan, Harriet and Robert.

Ned's sons followed the coal mining occupation after moving to Illinois, also several of his grandsons, thus making the third generation of the men of that family to be coal miners. Benjamin Giles, whose death occurred several years ago, was either owner or part owner of a coal mine near Collinsville, Illinois.

Giles avenue in the former coal mining area of St. Louis is believed to have been named after the family of John and Ned Giles, whose parents were early settlers of that part of St. Louis.

MRS. LEAH MARSHALL KENDALL

Mrs. Leah Marshall Kendall, in her early nineties, is another descendant of early settlers of the coal diggings of St. Louis. She has lived most of her life in the general neighborhood of the former coal diggings, and for more than sixty years has resided in her present home on Meramec street. The men of her family were miners in the coal and fire clay mines of the Gravois Mines area.

In speaking of "Miss Emily," who for many years operated a dry goods store at the corner of Morganford road and Beck avenue, in a building owned by the Voyces, Mrs. Marshall recalled that Miss Emily was one of a family of seven sisters.

ANDREW CLYDE

Andrew Clyde has been a resident of the former coal diggings of St. Louis for more than seventy years. The Clydes reside on Morganford road, near Osceola street, in the same general neighborhood where Andrew Clyde's parents settled when they moved to St. Louis in the 1870s.

Mr. and Mrs. George Clyde were Andrew Clyde's parents. Andrew was born in Scotland May 22, 1869. After coming to the United States, his parents resided for awhile in Mississippi, where George Clyde was for a time overseer of a plantation. The Clydes moved to St. Louis on Christmas Day when Andrew was five years old.

Andrew Clyde has four daughters, one of them named Mary McGillvary Clyde, after his mother.

EARLY DIGGINGS COAL YARD

The first coal yard of the Gravois Coal Diggings was started in the 1870s by a boy named Roll Snelling. Roll began hauling coal salvaged from abandoned coal pit banks of the diggings, in a small wagon to which his big dog, Nero, was hitched. Before moving to St. Louis, Roll had lived along Sandy Creek, near Hillsboro, Missouri, the county seat of Jefferson County, before the family moved to St. Louis.

After Roll began to salvage coal from the pit banks of the diggings to sell to the housewives there, it was not long until he teamed Nero up with another large dog to a larger wagon, and began to make a regular business of his coal hauling. Andrew Clyde used to accompany Roll on his rounds of the coal pit banks and, on several occasions, salvaged enough coal to supply the Clyde family for the winter.

When his thriving business began to outgrow the small wagon and dog team, Roll Snelling bought a horse and wagon and started his coal yard which for years was located along Gravois road near the Missouri Pacific Railroad and Bingham avenue. Roll's business grew and thrived until he owned not only the coal yard but vans for moving furniture and wagons for hauling ice. The Snelling Coal Yard, Moving Van Business, and Ice Hauling was still thriving before World War I, having been started by a mere lad with a large dog and small wagon.

THE WOODRUFFS

Daniel Woodruff and his wife were married in England and came

to the United States from Coalville, Liecster County, England, in 1849. They landed at New Orleans and came to St. Louis by boat.

Daniel Woodruff was a teamster who hauled coal from the Gravois Coal Mines to places of business in downtown St. Louis. A paper, dated April 9th, 1865, in possession of John D. Woodruff, grandson of Daniel Woodruff, gives the information that Jno. F. Webber, enrolling officer, certified that Daniel Woodruff had been enrolled as a Militiaman of Missouri. Daniel's grandson, John D. Woodruff, resides at 5731 Murdoch avenue in St. Louis.

Daniel Woodruff died in 1868 at the age of 40 years, in an accident. His widow was left with five children—Sarah, John, William, James and Harriet. Mrs. Woodruff operated a store located where Beck avenue is now, just west of Morganford road. Her son, John, became manager of Parker-Russell Company Store on Oak Hill, a position he held for more than thirty years. His brothers, William and James, assisted him in the store at various times.

Before his death, John Woodruff gave into his son John D. Woodruff's keeping some "script" of the kind that was paid to employees of the Parker-Russell Factory and was payable in goods from stock in the Parker-Russell Company Store on Oak Hill. The denominations of the script were ten cents, fifty cents, one, two, and three dollars. It was legal at that time to pay the men of the brick yard with a certain amount of this script which was only redeemable at the Oak Hill Store. In 1951, John D. Woodruff gave the script given to him by his father to the Missouri Historical Society.

John D. Woodruff is the husband of the former Lillian Kendall, also a descendant of early settlers of the Gravois Coal Diggings.

THE KENDALLS

Thomas, William, and Edward were three of the Kendall brothers to become early settlers of the Gravois Coal Digging area back in the 1850s. They came from Wigan, Lancashire, England. In St. Louis, the brothers were engaged in the mining of coal, and Edward (Ned) was killed in a cave-in in one of the coal mines, an accident in which four other men lost their lives.

It was while Edward Kendall was digging a well on the James Russell estate that fire clay was discovered, a discovery which is believed to have been the beginning of the fire clay industry of Oak Hill.

William Kendall had a large family—six daughters and two sons. William Kendall and his son William were both bosses in the Christy Fire Clay Mines. William Kendall Jr., and his wife, Henrietta Oxman Kendall, who was the daughter of Joseph Oxman, another early settler of the coal diggings, began housekeeping after their marriage in the old Hazeldine house in the Alley. Their daughters, Mrs. John (Lillian Kendall) Woodruff, and Mrs. H. J. (Clara Kendall) Kuhn, reside in the locality of St. Mark's Church, near Clifton and Murdoch. The Holy Innocents Episcopal Church at Tholozan avenue and Morganford road was the church of the Kendalls before it merged with St. Mark's.

THE THOMPSONS

The Thompsons claim more than a century of residence in the former coal digging locality of St. Louis. Mr. John Thompson, son of Harry Thompson, who first settled in that area years ago, resides with his wife, the former Emma Oliver, at 3543 Morganford road, near the building which was once the Holy Innocents Church.

Harry Thompson, a coal miner, was born in England. He left England when about fourteen years of age to come to the United States on a sailing vessel, the journey taking seven weeks. He resided for awhile in the rock house on the Bingham plantation where it seems

a number of other early settlers lived when first moving to St. Louis, among them being the Clydes, Carpenters, and the Grahams. Harry Thompson was about sixty-eight years old when he died. The year of his birth was estimated to be about 1843.

The men of the Thompson family were miners in both the coal and the fire clay mines of the diggings. Some of them were employed in the Parker-Russell Factory on Morganford road.

Mrs. John (Emma Oliver) Thompson's father was a coal miner in Pennsylvania before moving to the Gravois Coal Diggings. Mrs. Thompson's mother was born in England. Mrs. Thompson spent four years as nurse to the Christy children of the diggings. She remembered Miss Carrie Bingham as a fine woman, a friend of the Christy family. The last time she saw Miss Carrie was when Miss Carrie was on her way to Charlivox, Michigan with the Christys. Beyond this, Mrs. Thompson could tell little more of the Bingham family of the former coal diggings area.

Mr. and Mrs. John Thompson have been married nearly sixty years and have two sons and grandchildren and great grandchildren. Their son, Harry Thompson, is a resident of Tucson, Arizona, the other son, John Oliver Thompson, resides in Kirkwood, Missouri.

The Thompson house at Morganford road and Chippewa street is still occupied by members of the Thompson family, early settlers of the old coal diggings.

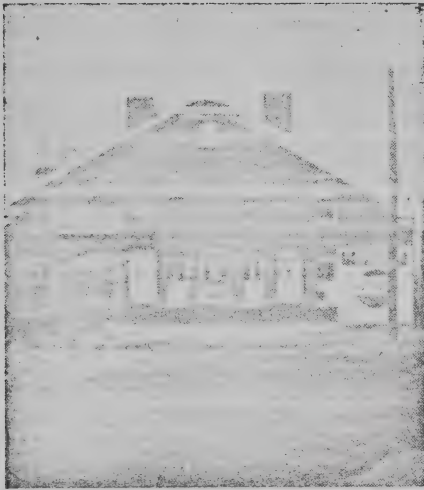


The old Thompson home, corner of Morganford and Chippewa, built by the coal miners after original house was destroyed by fire.

THE WAGSTAFFS

James Wagstaff was another miner who came from England to become an early settler of the coal digging locality of St. Louis, to make that part of the city his home, to mine coal and to leave descendants who still reside in that neighborhood.

About the time of the turn of the century, members of the Wagstaff



The place that Beck (for whom Beck avenue was named) built. About 100 years old.

family used to live in the two-family house of the Ulrichs, located on Beck avenue. Members of the Wagstaff family now reside on Chippewa street, just east of Morganford road, in the general neighborhood where James Wagstaff first settled. Two of the Wagstaff descendants are William Wagstaff, in his late seventies, and his daughter, Mrs. Margaret Wagstaff Burridge of 4455 Taft avenue, also in the former coal digging area.

THE LOESEKAMS

The late Fred Loesekam, born and reared on Beck avenue ninety-three years ago, was reared in the Gravois Coal Digging locality. His paternal grandfather, whose name was Beck, was a half-brother of the Mr. Beck for whom Beck avenue and Beckville were named.

Fred Loesekam operated a grocery and feed store for thirty-five years at 3642 Morganford road, in the building built by his ancestor, Beck, who was the first postmaster of Beckville. Fred Loesekam retired from business in 1914, and he and his wife, the former Mary E. Kelsey, celebrated their 63rd wedding anniversary September 14th, 1944. At the time of the anniversary, Mr. Loesekam was eighty-five, his wife eighty-two. Mr. Loesekam's death occurred in 1946 at the age of eighty-seven, and his wife died in April of 1949, also at the age of eighty-seven.

The Loesekams were married September 14th, 1881, at Mattese, Missouri, with Mr. Loesekam's sister, Lena (Mrs. Anderson) serving as bridesmaid, and Arthur Kelsey of Mineral Point, Missouri, brother of Mrs. Loesekam, serving as best man. They were unable to attend the 63rd anniversary of the Loesekams, but sent congratulations.

The anniversary was celebrated in the home of Mrs. Henrietta Loesekam Hoffmeister, 3625 Lierman avenue, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Loesekam. Mrs. Hoffmeister's husband, the late Oscar J. Hoffmeister, operated a funeral establishment at Chippewa and Gravois in the former coal digging locality.

Attending the Loesekam wedding anniversary were the three other Fred Loesekams—the son, grandson, and great grandson of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Loesekam. Also present were Mrs. Hoffmeister's four daughters, and William Loesekam, brother of Mr. Fred Loesekam. All are residents of St. Louis.

WILLIAM LOESEKAM

William Loesekam, in his late seventies, was still residing with his son Elmer in the well-preserved brick house built by his late wife's mother,

at 4319 Beck avenue, until about 1950 when his health failed and he had to go to a hospital.

Mrs. Loesekam's mother-in-law, Mrs. Hoffman, began to prosper in the former coal digging locality when she started a boarding house, and a dance hall, no longer standing, at Morganford road and Beck avenue. She made enough money on that corner to build the brick building at 4319 Beck avenue, and to retire. Mrs. Hoffman had three daughters and a son, the son, Fred Hoffman, who has been associated with the Cherokee Lumber Company in St. Louis.

William Loesekam remembers seeing the brick building, that was the second St. John's Lutheran Church in the coal diggings, built. He helped to carry water needed in the building of that church, saw it torn down, and has lived to see the third, impressive building of stone erected on the original lot at Morganford road and Chippewa street. Mr. Loesekam's father was the first to be buried from the brick church of years gone by.

As a barefoot boy, William Loesekam used to watch the stagecoach drop the mail off at Beck's Store on its way from Affton, Missouri. He also remembers watching Ulrich parade the newly-arrived Germans along the thoroughfares of the old diggings, and he wondered at their speech and clothing, which was of the old country from which they came.

Nat Voyce was remembered as being the first janitor of the Oak Hill School on Tholozan avenue. Those were the days when the fields west of Oak Hill School were called "The Prairie," and quilting parties were held at "Aunt Bessie Thompson's" house at Morganford road and Chippewa street, and Aunt Bessie used to serve delectable food at those parties, food long remembered by William Loesekam, who was a small boy at that time.

Those were the days when the Sims still lived in their house along Morganford road, a house still standing not far from Chippewa street, and Lena and Tillie Loesekam were among the young people of the diggings. Adam Wende was then building along Beck avenue, and he owned at least three houses there. Bill Gartenbach was the House of Delegates man of the diggings, and Lew Hawkins was in the Legislature in Jefferson City. But some of the best-known politicians of the diggings used to conduct chicken cock fights on the side, even though that form of sport was mentioned in the City Charter of 1876 as among the forbidden things of St. Louis.

Old Thomas Stockwell, called "Grandfather Stockwell" by most of the people of the diggings, was remembered as the Edgar Guest of that locality. In Mr. Loesekam's opinion, Grandfather Stockwell was a much better poet than Edgar Guest. People used to stop the aged bard as he strolled about the diggings, hands clasped behind his back, his head bowed in an attitude of meditation, to ask him to recite his poetry to them. Grandfather Stockwell also had the gift of oratory, and it was he who gave the long-remembered farewell speech at the Parker-Russell Factory when Jack Davis left that firm to take a position with a firm which manufactured carbon lights.

WILLIAM JOHNSON

William Johnson, nephew of William T. Johnson who used to be superintendent at the Parker-Russell Factory on Morganford road in years gone by, has made his home at the Hoffman house on Beck avenue for more than forty years. Mr. Johnson, now in his eighties, stated that his name is of Swedish origin. It was when he was about fifteen years old that the Missouri Pacific Railroad was cut through Oak Hill. His father was at one time a fireman in the Number One Engine House in St. Louis.

JIMMIE ADAMS

Jimmie Adams used to be a familiar figure in the former coal diggings in years gone by, but very little has been learned about him except that he served at a fire house located somewhere along Arsenal street. It is believed that Jimmie Adams was well known for his violin playing.

HENRY GOCKEL

Members of the Gockel family still reside on Beck avenue in the old coal diggings area. Henry Gockel was of the opinion that his father, no longer living, operated the first slaughter house of the diggings. For many years the Gockels owned a butcher shop on Meramec street, having started business in the 1880s.

Mr. Gockel recalled the days when the locality around Gravois road and Meramec street used to be known as Carondelet Commons, and a blacksmith named Herman used to operate a blacksmith shop about where the Bevo Mill now stands along Gravois road.

THE HAZELDINES

Very little is known of the history of the Hazeldines of the old coal diggings of St. Louis except that they were of the Mormon faith, that Mr. Hazeldine was a minister, that Mrs. Hazeldine was the midwife who delivered most of the babies born to mothers of the diggings, and that the pair kept a beautiful garden around their weathered old home in the Alley neighborhood. Though Mrs. Hazeldine had been the mother of a number of children, none of them lived past babyhood or very early childhood. This fact caused her much sorrow. Added to this grief was the care of her invalid husband.

"Grandfather Stockwell" was the second husband of Mrs. Hazeldine.

THE MEADS

The name Mead was one frequently heard in past years in that part of St. Louis where coal and fire clay used to be mined. Charles S. Russell, one of the members of the Russell clan, married Mary Mead, whose father was head of the Mead Jewelry Company of St. Louis more than a century ago.

At one time, Charles S. Russell was secretary of the Parker-Russell Mining and Manufacturing Company on Morganford road. He was the father of Charles M. Russell, the cowboy artist of Oak Hill. Charles was the third of six children born to Charles S. and Mary Mead Russell. The children were Bent, Sue, Chas (the artist), Edward, Guy, and Wolfert.

Edward Mead, Episcopalian, brother of Mrs. Charles S. (Mary

Mead) Russell, was one of the men influential in getting St. Luke's Hospital started in St. Louis. He was born in Washington Irving's house, Wolfert's Roost, on the Hudson, Sunnyside, New York.

Chas M. Russell, the artist, used to visit his cousins, the Meads, who lived at 3417 Franklin avenue, when he was home from the west. He was a guest whose company was enjoyed, not only by his cousins, but by friends who visited the Meads while he was there. On one occasion, when he was visiting the Meads, his cousins, accompanied by a young lady friend of the family, Miss Lucille Martin, now Mrs. James Macnish of Barnhart, Jefferson County, Missouri, entertained the world-famous cowboy by taking him, by street car, on a picnic to Forest Park.

Charles Russell, tanned and rugged-looking in western garb, attracted attention, especially that of young ladies in the street car. When the Meads let it be known among the passengers that Charles was the internationally famous painter of western scenes, there was quite a flutter of interest among the other passengers in the car. Charles, amused by all the attention he was getting, and the eager manner in which his cousins let it be known that their guest was a famous man, made a remark remembered throughout the years by Mrs. James (Lucille Martin) Macnish:

"Doesn't that take the cake! You girls tell everything!"

THOMAS STOCKWELL

Thomas Stockwell was born in England about 1802. The town of Stockwell, near London, was named after his forefathers. One of his ancestors came to the United States on the Mayflower, and he is mentioned in history as serving as a soldier with the American forces in a war against England. For many years Thomas Stockwell served in the British Navy and, in several battles, engaged in hand-to-hand fighting with enemies of the British forces on the decks of a British man-o-war. During his life as a British subject he sailed the Seven Seas, married in his early young manhood a nurse in a hospital in England, and lost her through death after she had borne him three sons and a daughter. The sons were James, George and Robert. The daughter was Alma.

When his children were grown to adulthood, Thomas Stockwell married again, an orphan, Ruth Potter, who was about twenty years younger than himself. Two children, Walter and Elizabeth, were born of this second marriage, and Thomas Stockwell became a widower for the second time. It was then that he left the sea and decided to take his motherless children to the United States of America to start a new life in a new land while he still walked with the rolling gait of a sailor of many years. He was then in his middle sixties. Two of his sons by his first wife remained in England, one son, Robert, and his daughter, Alma, by his first wife, accompanied him and his two small children by his second wife to the U.S.A. Robert, his son by his first wife, was then a sailor on the sailing vessel which brought the family over from England. Most of the men of that branch of the Stockwell family were sea-faring men.

The Stockwells were on the sea more than a month in making the crossing from England. During a dreadful storm at sea, a giant wave

washing over the ship nearly swept Thomas Stockwell's small son Walter and little daughter, Elizabeth, overboard.

On reaching New York, the Stockwells made their home for awhile in New York City. Sometime later they moved to Cleveland, Ohio, and finally to St. Louis to the Gravois Coal Digging locality. But lead mining near Hillsboro, Jefferson County, Missouri, seemed to offer better chances for money-making than the coal diggings in St. Louis, so Thomas Stockwell moved his family there and operated a lead mine for a number of years, when he again moved to the coal diggings of St. Louis, where he remained the rest of his life.

He was employed in the Parker-Russell Factory in St. Louis, but fortune did not favor the man who had spent the greater part of his life on the sea. When his son, Walter, and his daughter, Elizabeth, married and went to homes of their own, Thomas Stockwell married Polly Burke, daughter of Judge Burke of Southeast Missouri. Polly was a cripple whose health had been impaired by injuries suffered in her early life. After her death, Thomas Stockwell did not marry again until he was in his eighties, when he married Mrs. Hazeldine, the widow of the Mormon preacher of the coal digging area. Thomas Stockwell continued the vegetable and flower gardening on the Hazeldine place until his death in the old Hazeldine house in his early nineties. During the years he lived in the old coal digging locality, Thomas Stockwell found consolation for his trials and sorrows in gardening and in writing poetry.

MRS. ALMA STOCKWELL SUTTON

Mrs. Alma Stockwell Sutton, daughter of Thomas Stockwell, was until her death March 7th, 1951, the oldest resident of the former coal diggings of St. Louis. She was the widow of James Sutton, who was born in Kent County, England. James Sutton died in 1891, leaving his widow with four small children, Sallie, James, Josephine and Ellen.

Mrs. Sutton was born in Sittingborne, Kent County, England, in 1853, resided in Dover, England from the time she was four or five years old until her eighth or ninth year, when she again resided in Sittingborne. In the late 1860s she came to the United States with her father, her brothers, Robert, and half brother Walter, and small half sister, Elizabeth. She lived for awhile in New York, then in Cleveland, Ohio. From Cleveland, Ohio, she returned to England, where, in her seventeenth year, she was married to James Sutton. After residing in England seven months, the couple came to the United States to make their home in the former coal mining locality of St. Louis, where they remained the rest of their lives.

When first moving to the coal diggings, the Suttons resided on Kingshighway. James Sutton was not a miner, but was employed in the car sheds in St. Louis. He began buying one of the first houses built on the Bingham land after it was subdivided. The house, still standing, was at the corner of Osceola and Jessica streets, but he died before he finished paying for it. His widow turned that place over to the Building Association then in charge of building houses on the Bingham place, and had a home built in the 3600 block of Morganford road in the fall of 1891

when there were only two other houses in that neighborhood — the Holdsworth's and the Woodruff's.

In addition to providing for her four small children by the work of her own hands, the Widow Sutton was an ardent worker in the Holy Innocents Episcopal Church at Morganford road and Tholozan avenue. Mrs. Sutton was also active in charitable work in connection with the City Infirmary, the Female Hospital, and the City Sanitarium, all located along Arsenal street, on the Blue Ridge. Accompanied by girls from the Sunday School of Holy Innocents, and the sewing class which she found time to conduct in her home, Mrs. Sutton used to walk on fair Sundays to those institutions along the Blue Ridge to attend services at the City Infirmary, and to carry reading matter, needed clothing, quilt patches and other things to the inmates of the three institutions. The girls of Mrs. Sutton's sewing class learned to sew by making articles of clothing for the women of the City Infirmary.

On the occasion of an Easter Sunday afternoon visit of Mrs. Sutton and her group of girls to the Female Hospital, Mrs. Sutton was called upon to act as sponsor to twins, Paul and Pauline, baptised that Sunday afternoon.

The Rev. Frederick Cornell, pastor of Holy Innocents on Morganford road and Tholozan avenue, used to conduct Sunday afternoon services in the Chapel of the City Infirmary in those days, just after the turn of the century, and Mrs. Sutton and her girl companions always tried to be in attendance. It was a happy little group with Mrs. Sutton as leader, spending their Sunday afternoons going to church, and doing little deeds of kindness. The Sundays usually ended with services in the evening at Holy Innocents after supper at the Widow Sutton's, where her dining table with its snowy linen, Haviland China, silverware, and wholesome food were long remembered by some of the girls who used to be with her. Mrs. Sutton's "kern" (currant) bread and butter and hot tea, tea as an Englishwoman makes tea, were special Sunday evening treats at the Sutton home.

For more than fifteen years before her death, Mrs. Sutton was confined to a wheel chair, a victim of rheumatism. Fortunately, although she endured much pain in her hands, she could still do beautiful needlework, especially crocheting, which occupied her time even until the day of her death, which came suddenly at the last, in her ninety-eighth year. Her four children preceded her in death. Her son James was crushed to death in one of the fire clay pits of the diggings, her daughter, Josephine, died of the results of burns suffered while she was taking care of a furnace. Sallie and Ellen were the mothers of Mrs. Sutton's grandchildren. She also left great and great-great-grandchildren.

BATTEFIELDS AND KOENIGS

In the building at 3700 Morganford road, on the southeast corner of Morganford road and Meramec street, where the first drug store of the diggings used to be located, Miss Lillian Battefield now operates a dry goods store. Though Miss Battefield's parents and grandparents were not among the very earliest settlers of the coal diggings locality of St. Louis,

the Battefields and Koenigs have resided in that area for the better part of a century.

Miss Battefield and her sister, Bertha, are daughters of the late Mr. and Mrs. William Battefield, Mrs. Battefield's maiden name being Bertha Koenig. William Battefield was employed at the Parker-Russell Factory on Morganford road for a number of years.

Miss Battefield's Grandfather Koenig was the male nurse who attended Mr. William T. Christy during his illness.

E. H. KLEIST, DRUGGIST

The E. H. Kleist Drug Store was opened in the present location at 4266 Meramec street in 1910, just around the corner from the Battefield Dry Goods Store.

Mr. Kleist's Grandfather Rotten, who came from Pommer, Germany, used to operate a coal mine, with a man named Talbert (or Talbot) behind the City Sanitarium on Arsenal street.

The Kleist Drug Store is the second one to be operated in the former coal diggings area. Before the first drug store was opened in the building now occupied by the Battefield Dry Goods Store, the nearest drug store was the Otto Ude Drug Store at the corner of Grand avenue and Gravois road.

Mr. Kleist's memories of the locality where his grandparents settled while coal mining was still one of the industries there, include a memory of a man by the name of Schimich who apparently worked cures for various ailments by the laying-on-of-hands method. In this manner, Schimich once worked a cure for an arm affliction suffered by Mr. Kleist's mother. Mr. Schimich was for a time the caretaker of the vineyards at Parker-Russells.

Bash was the name of the old lamplighter who used to ride from lamp to lamp in the former coal diggings in a rig drawn by two black horses. The gasoline lights down the center of Morganford road had to be wound down and ignited by a blow torch.

The Mascot, or Schick's Place, was a place of amusement along Morganford road, not far from Arsenal street. Schick used to put on a show for his patrons by cutting an orange in two with a sword after his wife had placed it on the back of her neck and assumed a stooping position. Balloon ascensions were another form of amusement which attracted crowds at Schick's Place.

Mr. Kleist's wife is the former Emma Hartman, whose parents owned a truck garden located between Osceola street, Morganford road, and Gravois road, a wedge-shaped piece of land once part of the Bingham plantation. When the Hartman place was subdivided it was called Beethoven Heights. Newport Heights nearby was farmland once owned by Mr. Kleist's Grandfather Rotten.

The Kleists have grandchildren who are of the fifth generation of their family to reside in the former coal mining area of St. Louis.

CHARLIE STECK, BARBER

Though he does not remember who the first barber of the former coal mining area was, Charlie Steck, who operates a barber shop at Morgan-

ford road and Chippewa street, has barbered the people of that locality long enough to be something of an old-timer there because he has more than fifty years of barbering experience behind him right in the diggings neighborhood.

Mr. Steck began his barbering career in the old Beck building at Beck avenue and Morganford road in 1899, where he remained for nine years. His next barber shop was on Bingham avenue, not far from Morganford road, and finally in the present location. For twelve years, in between barbering, Charlie farmed, but barbering called him again so he returned to keep shop again in the old diggings area.

Charlie Steck recalls the days when barbers used to act as dentists and doctors in addition to cutting hair and shaving men. Men who indulged in liquor-inspired brawls used to go to the barber to be patched up, to have beefsteak put on blackened eyes, and leeches applied to them to relieve them of so-called bad blood. And people of the diggings used to go to the barber to have teeth extracted, and to be treated for various injuries and ailments.

THOLOZAN

The remains of Tholozan, for whom Tholozan avenue was named, lay for years in a forest at the intersection now known as Gravois road and Chippewa street; but whether or not Tholozan played a part in the early years of the Gravois Coal Diggings has not been learned at this writing. Tholozan was one of the few French names in the diggings locality in spite of its proximity to the French settlement, Carondelet.

Mrs. Adele Tholozan, a member of a pioneer family of St. Louis, was a daughter of Charles Sanguinet, an early settler of St. Louis, and a granddaughter of Dr. August A. Conde, a member of the Laclede expedition which founded St. Louis. Mrs. Tholozan died in 1877, leaving downtown real estate now worth about \$125,000 in a lifetime trust for a niece and grandniece, Mrs. Adele Phillips and her daughter, Miss Eulalie Phillips. Miss Eulalie Phillips, 90 years old, died at her home, 7255 Moller avenue, Maplewood, March 19, 1950.

The Tholozan properties involved are a small hotel building at 3536 Olive street, a retail store building at 810 Locust street, and an old building at 612 Walnut street, as well as \$1600, held by the city since 1922 pending dissolution of the trust, the money representing a condemnation settlement on two lots on Herbert street, near Blair avenue.

This much has been learned about Tholozan for whom Tholozan avenue in the old coal diggings area was named.

THE GRAHAMS

Adam Graham was born in Scotland in 1825 in the locality made famous by Robert Burns, the Scotch poet. His wife, Isabella Hendry Graham, of the Stuart clan, was born on the Island of Aaran about 1829, on the estates of the Dukes of Hamilton, her ancestors. Adam and Isabella were married at Kilmarnoch, Scotland, October 15th, 1849 by James Aukere, Minister, according to a faded document in an old family Bible.

The Grahams came to the United States in 1857. A daughter, Mary, was born to them on a steamboat on the Hudson River before they could reach New York. They took lodgings in a hotel in Albany, New York, until Mrs. Graham was able to resume the journey to St. Louis, where they intended to make preparations for going to California to the gold mining region where Mrs. Graham's elder sister, Janet, had staked her claim to 200 acres of ranch land. However, like many of their contemporaries of those days of pioneering, their money ran out and they had to stop in St. Louis to make new plans.

It was during those days of making adjustments that Adam Graham, country-hungry, and homesick for his native Scotland and aged parents and brothers and sisters he had left there, walked one fine June day of that year of 1857, out the Gravois road until he reached a point about where the House of the Good Shepherd now stands. It was there that he stood to feast his eyes upon the beautiful countryside where the Russells, Christys and Bingham's owned plantations. It was like a glimpse of Paradise to a man who did not like city life.

Adam Graham stood for awhile to watch some men pitching hay in a meadow on the Russell plantation. On the impulse of the moment, while the pleasant spell of the country was upon him, and his position as bookkeeper in a city office seemed far away, Adam Graham asked the men for work in the hay field—and was immediately hired. He labored all that beautiful June day in the Russell hay field, his first position as an early settler of the coal digging area of St. Louis, and liked the place so well that he made plans then and there to make that locality his home.

By nightfall, Adam Graham had rented a house in the old diggings, hired a horse and wagon, and returned to St. Louis where he and his family had taken up residence in a hotel, to take them and their few possessions home to the diggings where they resided for more than half a century.

Riding along the Gravois road in the moonlight, far from their native land, with their two small sons, John and Robert, asleep on the bed clothing in the back of the wagon, and the new baby daughter in Mrs. Graham's arms, they told each other about their happiness in moving to the country to make a home for themselves and their small children. They shared a memory of a little grave in Scotland, that of their first baby daughter, Mary, for whom the baby daughter, born on the steamboat on the Hudson River, was named.

It was not long after the Grahams took up residence in the coal digging area before Adam Graham took the position as overseer on the Bingham plantation where the family lived for about ten years. After the Civil War a lot was purchased on Chippewa street by the Grahams after Mrs. Graham inherited her share of money from her family estate in Scotland. This is the lot now owned by Mr. and Mrs. Will Carpenter at 4409 Chippewa street. Adam Graham built a small house on the lot where the Grahams resided until about the middle 1880s.

Two of Adam Graham's hobbies, in addition to poetry, were pruning and grafting of trees, and experimenting with whole wheat flour. Though

Sylvester Graham, an ancestor, was the originator of Graham flour, Adam Graham was the one who introduced Graham flour to the city of St. Louis by taking samples of flour he had ground in a machine of his own contriving, to the Miller Plant in St. Louis, who immediately put the flour on the market.

Adam Graham also conducted night classes for married men and women who had not had a chance to read and write, and he taught bookkeeping to men who were going into business for themselves. Graham's forefathers were the Lairds of Lindoch, his wife was a descendant of the Dukes of Hamilton. Graham's death occurred about the year 1897, in his early sixties. His wife died about the year 1878, in her early fifties.

MRS. JANET GRAHAM STOCKWELL

Mrs. Janet Graham Stockwell, daughter of Adam and Isabella Graham, and wife of Walter Stockwell, was born December 28th, 1861, in the overseer's house, the old rock house which stood for many years along Morganford road, near Osceola street, on the Bingham plantation in St. Louis. Her early childhood, until about her tenth year, was spent on that plantation where, before and during the years of the Civil War, the work was done by slaves. Too young at that time to realize what slavery meant, Janet remembered those years as the happiest ones of her life. The four acres of land allotted to her father for cultivation for his own use were beautiful with fruit trees and flowering shrubbery, there were wild plum thickets in the fence corners where wild birds sang, there were flower and vegetable gardens and, in springtime, there was lilac and wild plum blossom fragrance never forgotten. There was an abundance of everything on the Bingham plantation—especially simple, natural pleasures to delight the heart of a child.

In addition to the things which made Janet happy on the Bingham plantation, Christy's wooded acres nearby offered still more attractions with ponds where she picked wild flowers in spring and summer, and gathered nuts in autumn.

On one nut-gathering occasion in Christy's woods, Janet's pet pig followed her, her small brothers and sisters, and their big brother Robert (Rab) to gobble up the nuts before they could get to the trees with their gunny sacks. Rab, quick to anger, hurried back home and returned with a rope. Catching the greedy little pig, Rab put him under his arm and climbed a tree where he deliberately tied the protesting animal to a large limb. In spite of Janet's tears and pleadings to get Rab to release the pig, Rab went about the business of filling the sacks with nuts before he took the squealing pig from the tree. Janet always remembered her pet pig's absolute terror at being tied in the tree, and the manner in which he fled home after Rab turned him loose. Gobbling nuts had no more interest for that little pig.

Robert (Rab) Graham, and some of his exploits as a young man of the Old Gravois Coal Diggings, have long been remembered by other residents of that locality. Andrew Clyde recalls an incident concerning Rab's high spirits when Andrew and another man accompanied Rab on

a hunting trip to St. Louis County where there were then no stock laws. The three men hunted all day with very little success, and were returning home discouraged when Rab saw a pig in the woodland. Taking aim, Rab shot the pig, and loaded it in the wagon in which the men had gone hunting. Rab's plan was to tell his father that they had shot a bear. However, Adam Graham was not that easily fooled, and he must have given voice to his opinion of Rab, for Rab's lawless act in shooting a pig that belonged to someone else, in no uncertain terms, for he hauled the pig to a gully and dumped it there.

After Janet's mother came into her small inheritance from the family estate in Scotland, and the Grahams bought the lot along Chippewa street and built a small home there, life for the family began to change. The years of leisure and contentment on the Bingham plantation were gone, sorrow and trials came to the Grahams. Adam Graham had not been inducted into the Civil War because he was still a British subject, but Janet often recalled the day when her mother, whose health had begun to fail, got out of bed to stand with her arms around Janet's father when the soldiers came to take him away. It was a dramatic little scene which engraved itself on a small girl's mind—the soldiers filling the front yard, a soldier on either side of the front door, with bayonets crossed, her mother in her long, white gown, at the point of collapse as she told her husband farewell, her father standing grim and silent with his papers, showing that he was a British subject, in his hand, the commotion finally subsiding as the soldiers departed without Janet's father, those uniformed men shouting as they disappeared down the dusty country road, and finally, the joyful reunion of the Grahams and their nine children after the soldiers had gone.

But tragedy struck at the Grahams when their little son, Edward, fell into a coal pit and died of injuries caused by the fall. For a number of years sorrow followed sorrow in quick succession in the Graham family. During an epidemic of smallpox, and in the space of one week, the Grahams lost three children—their eldest son, twenty-one-year-old John, and their small son William, and little daughter, Margaret. And Janet's life hung in the balance many weeks while she had small pox.

But Janet remembered school days in the one-room Oak Hill School on Oak Hill, opposite the Parker-Russell Factory, and attending the Sunday School of the Holy Innocents Church where she received pretty tickets for perfect attendance, and there were picnics and dances which were attended by every member of the family, from grandparents to the youngest baby.

The Russells, Christys, and Bingham owned most of the land in the coal digging locality in those days, and they all farmed their acres in addition to mining coal. And the Christys and Russells had begun to prosper still more because they were mining fire clay and building factories for fireproofing clay products. On both plantations there were large orchards, vineyards, vegetable and flower gardens which seemed like wonderlands to a small girl of Janet's keen imagination.

The Russell Estate extended south through the coal diggings to a large

gate that entered the Christy Estate. The gate was near the rock house where the Grahams had lived on the Bingham plantation. The Christy's land extended from Morganford road, merely a country road in those days, to beyond Kingshighway, then south to what was known as Clark's road.

The Gravois Coal Diggings was marked all over with coal pits and coal pit banks, refuse from the pits, and sink holes where coal pits had been. Morganford road ran through one of the old pit banks near the location of the present St. John's Lutheran Church at Morganford road and Chippewa street.

There were only two grocery stores and two saloons in the coal diggings in Janet's childhood days. One store was kept by the Widow Woodruff, who had three sons and two daughters. John, the eldest, became manager of the Parker-Russell Company Store, with his brother William as his assistant.

The other store, and saloon combined, was kept by Beck, in a long, low-built place with a porch all across the front. As Beck's business grew and he began to prosper, he became owner of a large portion of the diggings. He built a big brick building at the corner of Morganford road and Beck avenue, had himself made postmaster, and changed the name of the Gravois Coal Mines to Beckville.

The other saloon was owned by a man named Wandless. Wandless was badly crippled by rheumatism. His daughter, Mrs. Moses, kept house for him.

The first and only dry goods store in the diggings locality in those days was owned by the Hazeldines, a Latter-Day Saints, Mormon minister, and his wife. The store was in one room of a very small house on their four acres of land. Their church was on another part of their land, and there were also several houses which they rented. Fruit, flowers, and vegetables were raised in abundance by the Hazeldines.

Before the Civil War liberated the slaves, each plantation had its own blacksmith. In later years, a man by the name of Grimm opened up a blacksmith shop in the diggings.

On the occasion of one Fourth of July during Janet's childhood, she and her sisters had prepared to attend a picnic in Bamberger's Grove when their attention was attracted to a fire at Shinbiddle's Place along Gravois road on the outskirts of the diggings, about where the Bevo Mill is now located.

Shinbiddle's Place was a row of long, low-built buildings—a saloon, a grocery store, and a place where farmers, on their way to markets in downtown St. Louis, could put up for the night. On that Fourth of July so long remembered by Janet, a firecracker tossed by a boy had landed on the dry shingles of one of Shinbiddle's buildings, burning the whole place to the ground.

After enjoying the excitement of the fire, Janet and her sisters went on to the picnic at Bamberger's Grove. In those days there was always something going on around the diggings for young people to enjoy, especially at Bamberger's Grove, which was located where the House of

Good Shepherd now stands. The grove was laid out like a park with gravel walks, flower beds and shrubbery and, here and there an iron deer, life-sized, half-hidden in the shrubbery. There was a pavilion for dancing, seats, tables and, of course, a bar.

Janet attended her first Oak Hill School picnic in that grove shortly after the Civil War. In later years a hall with two large rooms, one upstairs and one down, was built in the grove. The women and girls all wore calico dresses for the dances, and there was a fine community spirit among the people, friendliness and understanding long-remembered by Janet. The gatherings in the hall at Bamberger's Grove were like family celebrations with all members of the families attending. When babies and small children fell asleep they were put to bed in the upstairs room.

Bands of Indians still roamed the diggings when Janet was a child. When inspired by "fire water," the Indians sometimes threatened to go on the war path, and the women and children were locked in the houses and the men would be called from their work in the mines.

Gatherings around the huge fireplaces in some of the old houses of the diggings were long-remembered, especially family gatherings when there was corn to be shucked, and the shucks were torn in strips to fill bed ticks which were put under the feather beds on the high fourposter bedsteads. Those beds were so high with their shuck-filled ticks and featherbeds that small ladders were used in getting into them at bedtime. From her high bed, Janet used to watch the fire glowing in the fireplace before going to sleep. These were among the good things of her childhood days.

Another evening occupation was the lighter folding by nearly every member of the family gathered around the fireplace. These lighters were folded from every scrap of paper saved for that purpose, as paper was not plentiful in those days, to use to light candles and the pipes of the men. Matches were unheard-of luxuries, and the fire in the fireplace burned all year around, unless, by some mischance, it went out. At such times, someone had to go across the fields to the home of a neighbor to borrow a shovelful of hot coals.

"The old diggings was a good place to call home in those days, and it will always be home, sweet home, to me." This was among the final jottings in a note book of Janet Graham Stockwell's, the book containing the notes about the Old Gravois Coal Diggings, a few nostalgic little notes which were the inspiration for this story of the former coal mining locality of St. Louis, Missouri.

Mrs. Stockwell died May 8th, 1940, at the age of seventy-eight, in her home near Kimmswick, Jefferson County, Missouri, and is buried beside her husband, Walter Stockwell, who died October 23rd, 1940, at the age of seventy-eight, in the Burgess Cemetery on a high hill near Antonia, Missouri.

CONCLUSION—OR FINAL JOTTINGS

Conclusion is not a word which can in truth be applied to the last pages of this story of the former coal diggings of St. Louis, Missouri. The still unwritten stories which, unfortunately, have not yet been heard from other descendants of early settlers of that place, would prove as interesting as any included here. There would be the history of the Hannas, Holdsworths, Smiths, Browns, Hawkins, Eckles, Bulls, Belfords, (John Belford was one of the scholarly men of the diggings, a student of Shakespeare, a lover of books and owner of a library of classics), Thorpes, Plants, Armstrongs, and many others whose descendants probably still reside in the former coal diggings area. Volumes could still be written about the people of the old diggings, and there would still be stories left untold.

And it might be that these untold stories, and part of those already told, but restricted in the telling, could have proved to be the difference between this story being merely something in the nature of a mild reference book, or what would have had a chance to be a best seller, for in spite of the fine community spirit which dominated among the law-abiding settlers of the diggings, among the male population were men as magnetic, reckless and adventurous as Rhet Butler, and women as beautiful and daring as Scarlet O'Hara in "Gone With The Wind." And there were among the Mormons men who believed in plural marriage, and there was child labor, and race prejudice between people of different nationalities, and marrying and intermarrying between families until it was unwise for one not well acquainted with the place to give voice to an unfavorable opinion about one resident to another because almost everyone was related in some manner to everyone else in the community. There was the seemingly unequal battle between justice and injustice, and all those elements, whether good or bad, which go into the building of a community.

The old diggings had names reminiscent of the people in the Mother Goose Rhymes, and in the stories of Charles Dickens—Jack Spratt, and Oliver Twist. And there was Jerry Maloney, the melancholy Irishman who, year after year, trundled a wheelbarrow filled with wet fire clay up the runways to the brick-molding floors of the Parker-Russell Factory. Jerry's gentle philosophy that "It'll all be th' same in a hundred years from now," and, "It'll be bether afther awhile," is still remembered.

By the turn of the century the rural atmosphere of the diggings was changing—hydrants spouting muddy river water were installed in back yards of homes even in the Alley. Electric lights had been installed in the Parker-Russell Factory, and street cars striking lightning and blue blazes from trolley lines were running out Kingshighway as far as Chippewa

street, and people were still singing "After the Ball," and Little Annie Rooney."

The Noelties and the McCormacks of the Alley had petunias and pussy tails (long grasses with plume-like ends) bordering their garden walks; and giant oaks in the McCormack's front yard were mowed down like grass before the fury of the wind of the St. Louis cyclone of 1896.

The Scotts of the Alley were a childless couple from Scotland. There was an old country atmosphere about their home, especially the kitchen with its darkly-stained wainscoating and shadowy shelves holding quaint earthenware jugs and copper utensils.

Recollections of the Hall acre in the Alley include the orchard toward the east side, the "Prairie" along the north slope, along Beck avenue where children of all ages rolled on the blue grass, and German neighbors staked their cows and goats to nibble the grass. Children slid down the steep banks of that north slope, on the yellow clay in summer, on the ice in winter, and men from the clay pits clumped across the Hall acre in their clumsy one-buckle brogans, taking the short cut from corner to corner of the place to get to their homes at the west end of the Alley. There was an odor about their clothing caked with fire clay dust and perspiration, and gray clay dust covered them from their pit lamps to their brogans.

Time, vegetation, and new buildings were causing coal pit banks to disappear, but sturdy, 'teen-age young people played "crack the whip" up and down the few coal pit banks still in evidence on the front part of the Holt place adjoining the Hall acre.

In springtime, boys flew kites from a rise in the land on the Hall acre, and walked through the half-frozen mud on stilts. Girls rolled hoops along pathways drying in the March wind and sunshine, and children of all ages played "London bridge," "I spy," "drop the handkerchief," and "pussy wants a corner" was played from tree to tree in the Hall orchard, with grown-ups often joining in the fun.

There was a moss-covered cistern top on the old Hall place where a small child could sit of summer evenings to listen to the bell of St. John's Lutheran Church at Morganford road and Chippewa street chiming the Angelus, and to wait to hear accordion music, played by sons of German truck gardeners along Kingshighway, wafted on the evening breeze. They called the accordions Dutch Pull-outs, and they played "Over the Waves," and "Oh, Where, and Oh Where Has Mine Little Dog Gone" and other favorites of the day.

Hucksters called their wares along the Alley, Beck avenue, and Chippewa street, and a bewhiskered Russian-Jew, like a walking dry goods store with two enormous oilcloth-covered packs on his back, peddled, and squatted on thresholds to display the contents of his packs to housewives of the Alley. A tin-pan peddler with a gleaming mountain of tinware strapped to his back clanked up and down the Alley several times a year, and a palsied woman sold shoe strings from house to house. An aged scissor grinder trundled a two-wheeled cart and rang a bell, keeping step to the sound of the bell, and the butcher in the butcher wagon from

Gockel's butcher shop heralded his approach by a tuneful blast on a trumpet. Housewives with meat platters met the butcher wagon and got in a few minutes of conversation with one another while gathering around the butcher wagon.

John and Kate Groetke of the Alley were the parents of beautiful baby daughter twins, Minnie and Mary. John's father was the owner of three houses still standing, two facing the Alley, one, in which he resided, facing Chippewa street. Old Mr. Groetke smoked a pipe so large that the bowl rested on the table in his back yard where he sat to drink wine made from his own grapes, and play cards with his neighbors.

The Storm family lived in the east side of the Ulrich two-family house facing Beck avenue, and the Wagstaffs lived in the west side looking into the Hall place which adjoined. Walter and Roy were two of the Wagstaff children.

Sons of the Holts on the west side of the Hall acre were Jack and Dick. The Chareltons and the Schimichs lived still farther west in the Alley. Earnest was the son of the Chareltons, and Jude and Susie were children of the Schimichs.

The Stockwell children were John, Thomas, Mary and the triplets when the Stockwells first moved into the Alley on the Hall acre. They were delivered by the Widow Hazeldine. The triplets, all boys, died at birth and were buried in the Hazeldine garden. George, Leonard, and Annie Laurie were three younger children of the Stockwell family.

The Kendalls lived in the Joe Rain house, the Kendall children at that time being John, George, Alice and Lillian.

The Gilsons had three sons—Henry, Tom and Ted.

The Rhyner and Wolters lived in the old Rhyner place facing the Alley. The Wolters children then were Fred, Amanda, and Linda.

The Pfiles, next door to the Storms, on the east side, in a house facing Beck avenue, kept a cow and sold milk. Minnie, Anna and Louie were three of their children. Mrs. Pfile used to doze while she knitted, and seldom dropped a stitch while she dozed.

But memory is fickle, often evades prodding, and time has a way of blotting out some recollections while others remain clear, leaving only fragments which fail to fit anywhere. There were the Halls and Hortons—Ted Hall, Charlotte and Lavina Hall, Alice Horton—the Halls and the Hortons were closely related—other names of the two families have been forgotten.

George Giles, with his sweetheart, Viola, visited in the Alley and sang about "Little Annie Rooney," and "On the Banks of the Wabash."

There was always the sound of music and of someone singing, even ridiculous songs like:

"Go and get the broom, Mary Ann, Mary Ann,
If you can't get that, get the old dust pan."

But Miss Lally, who taught the first graders in Number Six at Oak Hill School on Tholozan avenue, taught the little ones to sing Mendelssohn's "Spring Song" and "Come Little Leaves," and held singing class

as usual even when her heart seemed to be breaking the morning she received the news that her father had just died, and she wept before the children. She must have been youthful, though to a small child she seemed very elderly and staid.

Miss Bertha Michael taught in Room Five, Mrs. Emma Westerfield in Room Four, and Miss Fannie Wade was Principal then at Oak Hill School.

Hallowe'en was called "False Face Night" by children of the Alley, and all the young, and many not so young, in weird costumes, prowled the Alley and surrounding neighborhoods of the old diggings, capering for the amusement, or irritation, of the stay-at-homes, begging favors of food, drink, even money, being chased by irate householders, laughed at, locked out. The morning after found back houses turned over, gates torn off fences, rubbish strewn about, everything that could be pried loose carried to vacant lots or elsewhere and, on one occasion, a buggy was carried to the roof of an astonished home owner. During False Face Night the witches and goblins turned out around the coal diggings in forceful numbers to create mystery and, too often, to leave wreckage behind them.

On fair Sunday afternoons dads of the diggings pitched horseshoes, and moms displayed patchwork quilts, crocheted lace and other needlework to visitors, and made coffee and biscuits, and fried chicken and potatoes for friends staying to supper.

On early summer evenings dads of the diggings would stride away after supper in answer to the summons of the bell at the Oak Hill School where there would be a meeting held to make plans for the Oak Hill School picnic held on the fifteenth day of June.

When picnic morning dawned the whole atmosphere of the diggings was festive and charged with excitement, and people lined up along fences to watch the children in picnic finery on their way to school. Some of the people followed the children to line up along the school fence to make comments, some complimentary, some otherwise, and to enjoy the colorful pageant—the uniformed men of the brass band, children in colorful raiment, flags waving, everyone scurrying about. And in the various rooms of the school, the children trying to sit quietly in their seats until the first, thunderous roll of the big drum, the first blast from the brass horns vibrated the floors, vibrated the chests of the children tense with anticipation, and the teachers gave the signal to form in line and the long line filed downstairs, two boys then two girls, feet keeping time to the oompa-oompa-oomp of the band in the school yard below.

Nick Kendall and other men and women reached into barrels as the children filed by to give the boys flags and caps, and the girls fans in the shape of brown cigars until the top was pulled, when the things opened into lovely fans, and Japanese umbrellas which, when opened, added not only to the color of the scene, but tangled, collided, ripped and added to the general confusion. Red-white-and-blue badges with Oak Hill School printed on them were pinned on picnic finery of boys and girls alike.

When the brass band began to move slowly toward the school gate the teachers ushered the children in behind and fluttered alongside to try

to keep order, but small girls often reached the picnic grounds with bleeding heels stepped on by excited boys intent on mischief as well as fun. But the band played "Our Director March," and the picnic parade wended its way down Morganford road and Meramec street, in the "business district" of the diggings to show off before going to Oak Hill Grove where the picnics were held before, and for a year or so after, the turn of the century.

In breaking line when the grove was reached there was a mad scrambling for more picnic favors—balloons which, when allowed to deflate, made a wailing sound, boxes of candy, buns with ham between the halves, and pink lemonade where glasses, unwashed, were dipped again and again into the barrels to satisfy thirsty children. Sanitation? It was almost an unheard of word in those days.

Dads drank beer and smoked big, black cigars, babies wailed in tune with the wailing balloons, moms tried to keep order and spread picnic lunches, dust was churned up, and the brass band clamored. Drinking water, the color of mud, came from sprinkling wagons, and when the water supply ran out and the sprinkling wagon was long in arriving with a fresh supply of the warm necessity, thirst was agonizing.

A flaming sunset in the summer sky found weary moms packing remains of the picnic feast and dragged, dirty-faced children toward home. The sleep of utter exhaustion followed the annual event of the Oak Hill School picnic.

Wakes were held in the homes of the diggings, where the dead were embalmed and prepared for burial by the undertaker or, in some cases, merely "laid out" by members of the family or by friends, and funeral services were held for the dead in the best room of the home. Between the time of the death and the burial of a dear one the hours were like something out of a nightmare of vigilance over a sheet-shrouded form on a stretcher, then in a narrow coffin showing in flickering candlelight. There was fitful slumber with people coming and going at all hours, and the aroma of coffee brewing in the night hours, and the odor of carbolic acid mingled with that of death. There was the sound of muffled sobbing and subdued conversation, and people looking strange and unfamiliar dressed in their Sunday best on work days, and all those elements which were connected with a death and a wake at the old coal diggings.

Best rooms, or front rooms, of the diggings were not always for everyday use, but kept for Sundays and company, weddings, or just holidays, though some families were extravagant enough to use their best rooms daily. It was such rooms where ingrain carpets were stretched over clean wheat straw every spring and fall, and ruffled dimity curtains hung at windows with small panes of glass and, in the winter, firelight gleamed cheerfully through the isinglass in the door of a parlor heating stove. Enlarged pictures of dead and gone relatives hung on the walls, there were crocheted tidies on chair backs, and on the marble top center table which held the family Bible. But rocking chairs were part of the best room furnishings, in addition to horsehair-covered sofas and parlor chairs, and a platform rocker made the room complete in comfort.

The diggings had its various neighborhoods such as the business district along Morganford road and Meramec street where Voyce's saloon and Voyce's Hall, Loesekam's store in the old Beck building, Miss Emily's dry goods store, Hill's Shoe Store, Hawkins' Butcher Shop, Albert Pfiffner's dry goods store, the first drug store, all along Morganford road; and Ulrich's General Store and saloon, Gockel's Butcher Shop, the Powell's Bakery Shop, and Dr. Noel's Office, along Meramec street, made up the business district.

A little bell at the top of the door used to tinkle when a customer entered Miss Emily's dry goods store at the corner of Beck avenue and Morganford road, and Miss Emily, peering over the top of her spectacles, appeared from a back room to serve the customer. There was an ever-present odor of camphor balls among the worsteds on the shelves of Miss Emily's store.

A little bell tinkled at the top of the door of Powell Bakery Shop too, in the wedge at Meramec street and Chippewa, and one of the Powells, all floury, would emerge from the baking room to wait on the customer. Rock candy was one of the items in the glass jars in one of their show cases—rock candy which went into the making of cough syrup concocted from orange and lemon juice, brandy and, memory fails, but it might have been pine-tar and honey.

Too many purchases of a dime's worth of soup meat caused three timid children, who were sent to the Hawkins Butcher Shop, to be called "Dime's Worth of Soup Meat." But a dime's worth of soup meat in those days, combined in a big pot with mixed vegetables, and topped with suet pudding, made a wholesome meal for a struggling family of six.

The grab bag box on a counter of Albert Pfiffner's store was the chief attraction for some small children, for one bag in that box contained a nickel, a nickel in addition to the jaw breakers, pink, brown, and white-striped coconut candy and other odds and ends of sweets in each bag.

A small child could almost always expect to get a wiener or a slice of bologna with a purchase of meat at the butcher's and Ulrich's used to sell country butter, a rare treat to people who often doubted the quality of tub butter.

Exciting red slippers with red stockings to match, to be worn with a pink lawn dress at an Oak Hill School picnic, made the Hill Brothers Shoe Store long-remembered.

It was at a church entertainment at Voyce's Hall that Ellie Christy and a younger sister appeared to create a little flutter of interest. They arrived in the Christy carriage, the coachman in attendance to help them from the carriage and to open and close doors for them. The crowd in the hall parted as though for royalty as the Christy girls, clad in frilly white dresses and strap slippers, in the dead of winter, while most other girls wore woolen dresses and galoshes, entered and made the rounds of the various booths where things were being sold for the benefit of the Holy Innocents Church.

Dr. Noel's office along Meramec street was a place to enter with awe and trepidation. The odor of drugs was enough to create a feeling of



The Oak Hill Depot along Missouri Pacific Railroad just north of bridge on Morganford road. Another depot like it was located on Meramec street in the coal diggings.

discomfort in the pit of a child's stomach, but the sight of that picture on a wall in the doctor's office acted on the emotions—a picture of a doctor sitting in watchful attitude beside a little child lying on a cot, shadowy figures of the child's parents hovering in the background. "The Crisis," the picture was called, but it made a child remember the death of a little brother.

Also in the business district of the former coal diggings was one of the two small flag stations along the Iron Mountain Railroad, one at the foot of Meramec street just like the ones still standing in 1951 on Oak Hill just north of the railroad bridge on Morganford road.

These places were part of the business district of the diggings, one of the several neighborhoods of that locality.

Another neighborhood was that around Gravois and Osceola, Jessica street and Bingham avenue. This neighborhood was somewhat different from that of the Alley with its homey atmosphere and reminders of the years when coal was mined and the miners and their families settled there. The houses along Gravois, Osceola, Jessica street and Bingham avenue were newer, more modern than those of the Alley, and some of the men were employed in offices or were owners of business of their own instead of laborers. In the Alley people had shade and fruit trees, shrubbery, and garden patches, but along Gravois, Osceola, Jessica, and Bingham, people had *lawns* in addition to all those other things to improve the appearance of their homes, lawns which required the use of *lawn mowers*. It made a difference. And the women of that neighborhood did not limit themselves to shopping along Morganford road, and an occasional shopping day in downtown St. Louis, but had regular shopping days on Mondays and Fridays downtown. It also made a difference. And the Cherokee Street Car Line along Gravois road made shopping excursions convenient.

But even in that neighborhood there was a daily reminder of the years when General Ulysses Grant, who became President of the United States, used to drive up from Hardscrabble, his farm along Gravois road, to the old coal diggings to sell mining props to the owners of coal mines and cord wood to the housewives of the diggings. Every morning General Grant's old covered wagon would appear lurching along Gravois road on the way downtown to market with a load of garden produce. That covered wagon was seen to make those trips to market as late as 1904.

The city limits in those days was at Gravois road and Morganford where the Cherokee street cars turned around to return to the city. The

Feuerstalks operated a florist business near there in those days, and Fritchles kept a store in the same locality.

But Gravois road was the scene of many funeral processions. From early until late every afternoon the sound of horses trotting along the hard rock road was a reminder of death. There were white hearses, black hearses, gray ones, and some black with white, all horse-drawn, and the color of the hearse denoted the age of the corpse within. The horses wore fancy, fringed nets over their backs.

The Sheppards used to operate a truck garden on a piece of land between Gravois road, Bingham avenue, and the Iron Mountain Railroad. The brick house in which they resided still stands along Gravois road. Mamie was the name of a daughter of the Sheppards who had several other children whose names are no longer remembered. Tom Sheppard, brother of the Sheppard who operated the truck garden, was a thrifty man who owned a home near-by along Bingham avenue. Tom Sheppard used to declare that if you took care of your nickels and dimes, your dollars would take care of themselves. As late as 1902 the old Bingham homestead was still in a state of fairly good preservation where it stood in the rear of the lot owned by Tom Sheppard and his wife.

Nonie and Robert Tiemann were children of the Tiemanns who operated a feed store along Gravois road near the Sheppard truck garden and the Snelling Coal Yard. Nonie and Robert stood under a large umbrella on the stage in Voyce's Hall during a church entertainment held there and sang very effectively the song "Under the Old Umbrella, Going and Coming From School."

The Parks family used to live near the Tiemanns along Gravois road. Ada was a daughter of the Parks family, and there were several other children.

The Hartmans, who operated a truck garden, the Lenzes, Benzes, Rottens, Naumanns, Stockwells and others whose names escape memory, also lived in the Osceola street neighborhood. And the Van Felts lived in a house, typical of those built by early settlers of the diggings, with low ceilinged rooms and wainscoating on the walls, at the corner of Morganford road and Bingham avenue. There were hop vines and red velvet roses along the Van Felt fence, and apples used to be placed to ripen upon the window sills of the kitchen.

The Louisiana Purchase Exposition, World's Fair of St. Louis in 1904, brought to the Gravois, Bingham, Osceola, and Jessica neighborhood a new element of change. People were singing songs popular in those days—"Meet Me in St. Louis," "School Days," "Navajo," "Under the Bamboo Tree," and other songs of the times. There was talk of truck gardens being turned into subdivisions, and a tempting new sweet drink, ice cream soda, was being introduced in the drug store at the corner of Morganford road and Meramec Street where a soda fountain had been installed and young people gathered in the evenings. The former coal diggings was going modern, and people were singing another popular song, "In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree."

Another neighborhood with a decidedly different atmosphere was that neighborhood along Morganford road near the Holy Innocents Episcopal Church where the Hannas, Woodruffs, Holdsworths, Henshaws and other early settlers of the former coal diggings had built brick or frame houses, some of them two-story dwellings. These houses seemed quite citified as compared with the low-built, weathered homes of the very earliest miners of the diggings. There was an air of prosperity about that neighborhood near Holy Innocents Church, a more modern trend, a forerunner of better living conditions in the old diggings. It was in that 3600 block that the Widow Sutton built her two-story frame house along Morganford road after leaving the Osceola street neighborhood where her husband died.

Interest centered around the Holy Innocents Church in that neighborhood, and in Oak Hill School just around the corner on Tholozan avenue, such as that which centers around churches or schools in any neighborhood. The church was heated by a furnace with grates in the aisle where little girls liked to stand shyly in wintertime to warm and watch their skirts billow in the warm air from the grates. The Parker family carriage was a familiar sight at the church, and Miss Rebekah and Lemon Parker used to lead in singing the hymns on Sunday mornings while Miss Lucilla Henshaw played the organ. "Onward Christian Soldiers," and "Stand up, Stand up for Jesus," were two of the favorite hymns.

The atmosphere around the neighborhood of the Parker-Russell Factory along Morganford road was that of industry. For a small child, it was a real adventure to carry lunch to a dad working at the tile molds or the brick presses in that factory. Racing across the bridge on Morganford road before a train, with the engine belching black smoke, ran under the bridge along the Iron Mountain Railroad, and sprinting, with ears stopped up with fingers to shut out the clamor of hissing steam, of belts flapping over pulleys, of cog wheels, piston rods and other things in agitated motion in the engine house at the Parker-Russells Factory, and sprinting with still more speed past the kilns, with face shielded with up-flung arm from the fire glow in the kilns, was terrifying delight. With excitement running high from all the threatening things, there was always the possibility of having to flatten against the wall to let the men trundling wheelbarrows filled with wet fire clay pass in climbing the runway to the floor where bricks were pressed and tile were made.

The Parker-Russell Company Store, with its long-remembered odors of coffee, tea, spices, cheese, codfish, leather in new shoes, and dye in dry goods on the store shelves, was a place that appealed to the imagination of an inquisitive child. Mr. Johnny Woodruff used to obligingly weigh small children on the scales in the storeroom, praising them for gaining weight as he swung them from the scales to the floor. Black button shoes with patent leather toes, and tassels at the top, and white India linen for picnic dresses, and light blue or pink satin ribbon for the sash were cherished purchases at the Parker-Russell Company Store.

There were other neighborhoods in the former coal mining area of St. Louis, and each neighborhood had its own special atmosphere as is the way of neighborhoods in any part of the country. By 1906 the neighborhood along Kingshighway in the coal diggings area, where the remains of the last of the Parker-Russell oak groves was to be seen, had begun to shed its rural appearance and fall in line for rapid changes. Southampton, the former Decker farm, was already a subdivision with paved streets and sidewalks, and Kingshighway, still a dusty country road in 1906, was the scene on Sunday afternoons of gay motoring parties from the city, people going out to Southampton to inspect the new subdivision so far out in the country. All afternoon on Sunday the air would be filled with odor of dust and gasoline, and there was laughter and shrieking from the occupants of the automobiles as those vehicles hit knolls in the rough road and bounced into depressions. And the occupants of the cars wore tan dust coats, and the long veils which the women and girls tied around their hats streamed out in the wind.

Those clattering motor cars were taking the place of horse-drawn vehicles, more forerunners of the changes already occurring in the former coal diggings, changes which were shouldering aside the atmosphere of the past, that past when coal and fire clay mining were important industries of that part of St. Louis. Now, in 1954, the history of that area, as told to us by parents and grandparents no longer living, seems as dim and unreal as the name, THE OLD GRAVOIS COAL DIGGINGS, seems to people of the present generation.

THE END

SOURCES AND ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Sincere thanks is extended to the following people who helped to make this account of the former coal mining area of St. Louis possible: Floyd C. Shoemaker; Walter V. Searight; Edward L. Clark; Walter G. Heren; Kensinger Jones; George Ward Parker; Ward Parker; Mrs. Fannie Wade Gutgesell; Joseph Russell Fulkerson; Frank E. Fulkerson; Mrs. Dwight Fulkerson for photographs; Mr. and Mrs. Calvin Morgan Christy; Pastor and Mrs. Paul H. Hansen; D. Harry Jamieson; William Jamieson; Miss Nan Jamieson; E. H. Kleist; Mr. and Mrs. Will Carpenter; Mrs. Walter (Elizabeth Carpenter) Fluetsch; Henry Gockel; Margaret Wagstaff Burridge; Andrew Clyde; Miss Lucilla Henshaw; Mrs. Frank (Metta Storm) Heidel; Mrs. Roy (Amy Storm) McDonald; O. E. Hoerger; Miss Lillian Battefield; Archie Palmer Gordon; Mrs. Henrietta Hoffmeister; William Loesekam; William Johnson; Mr. and Mrs. John Thompson; Charles Steck; Mrs. Leah Marshall Kendall; Mrs. Clara Kendall Kuhn; Mrs. Herbert (Nan Giles) Strong; Mrs. David (Emie Giles) Schulz; Mrs. Alma Stockwell Sutton; Daisy Patricia Stockwell; Leonard Stockwell; Patrick F. Boyer; The St. Louis Star-Times; The St. Louis Post-Dispatch; Ramon F. Adams; A. M. Hartung; Union Electric Company of Missouri; Editors of The Western Horseman; Editors of the Horse Lover Magazine; History of Missouri, 1888; Goodspeed Publishing Company (St. Louis and The World's Fair, Christy Fire Clay Company, Allan Reid, 1904); Mrs. James (Lucille Martin) Macnish.

